

THE
HISTORY
OF
BARBAROSSA
AND
POLLYANA.

CONTAINING

Some Interesting Incidents not occurring in the common Course of Life : Intermix'd with Reflexions and Instructions. Addressed to such Parents and Guardians who destroy the Peace and Happiness of their Children, by compelling them to marry where Love is not the sole Motive.

WITH

An ESSAY upon the great Contrast between the two important Scenes of Life, viz.

COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.

*Love, like War, has noble Fires ;
Love, like War, the Brave inspires ;
Love, like War, has killing Darts !
War takes Towns, and Love takes Hearts.*

L O N D O N :

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THE



THE
HISTORY
OF
BARBAROSSA
AND
POLLYANA.



HERE is a Sympathy
betwixt Souls that can-
not be explained by
the Prejudice of Educa-
tion, the Sense of Duty,
or any Motive: Some
choose a Thing only because another
dislikes it, and affect an inviolable Con-
stancy

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stancy in Matters of no Moment ; others are more grieved for the Loss of Fame than Reputation : For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, yet the Absence of it makes us very miserable. Thus, by an artful Train of Management and unseen Persuasions, a Man may be brought to dislike, and at length to be pleas'd with that which otherwise he wou'd not have born to hear to. There are indeed a Sort of unthinking Men who have always an Amour upon their Hands. Such I term in general, *Superficial Lovers* ; they love out of Habit and Custom, and it is therefore nothing but an airy Amusement to spin the Thread of Life with Pleasure, as they unjustly term it. These Sort of Lovers do not look upon a sincere Love as a Passion of a serious Kind : the Reason they admit to colour such wavering Fickleness, is, that 'tis impossible for a Heart to be possessed with two Passions at once, and that the last Impressions are firmer and more piercing than the first ; so that by the

the same fluctuating Principle, they change their Affections as often as their Cloaths; being seemingly captivated with all Complexions, whether virtuous or wicked. It cannot even be surmised, that a Woman can be accounted *virtuous* and *innocent*, when she parts with her most valuable Treasure to the deceitful Enjoyment of such Flatterers, without any scrupulous Nicety. With what Contempt then must such Females be look'd upon by the Virtuous of either Sex? which is the Reward of their lawless and over easy Curiosity.

It may easily be conceived what *True-Love* doth prompt any Person and suggests to him, tho' it may seem ridiculous to those who never knew what that Passion was. What Tendernefs, Love and Admiration, must warm the Breast of that Man whose Flame is honourable and sincere, and who never put his beloved Object to the Expence of a Sigh, or a Blush? Thus may a Man with Freedom throw himself at the Feet of so amiable an Object, who by her

unaffected Negligence eclipses all the laborious Endeavours of the most ambitious of her Sex.

THROUGH all the various Scenes of Life it must be confest, that no Joy can equal this, which inspires more lovely Notions and pleasing Tenderness than the most predominant Passions can possibly excite. There is a peculiar Sweetness to be found in the Countenance of a modest, beautiful Woman, which Sweetness no Words, with all their Eloquence, can justly delineate; which, as soon as it is seen, effectually commands the most ardent Attention: for a Man must of course be blind not to admire such Beauties, and very negligent if he use common vulgar Language wherewith to express them. In Recompence for Beauty, the fair Sex too often make Pride its Security, tho' the Price cost ever so dear, exchanging thousands of Vows of Fidelity, and as often unlinking the Chain. Thus do they make the Vicissitudes and Changes of Fortune the miserable

miserable Portion of their wretched Fate, (if so it may be called) and become unhappy Wanderers in the Labyrinths of lost Love, imagining that Love has Dates like Life, and equally as uncertain.

WIT and good Language are inestimable Qualifications, yet I cannot think they enter into Competition either with Sincerity or Sense. In the nobler Kind of Love, there is a Sort of Madness, or Enthusiasm, which transports a Man so as to render him capable of doing what otherwise he wou'd never have thought of; others again have a Knack of cloathing quick Conceptions in elegant Language, but plain Truth shou'd have the Preference to chimerical Imaginations, notwithstanding all the Charms which their Expressions may exhibit, since these are fitter to amuse than instruct, especially in our more serious Moments of Retirement: there being nothing on this Side the Grave as human Felicity. One Day we imagine ourselves

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on the Summit of Happiness ; and the next, wretched. Our Philosophy, Patience or Virtue are but a weak Barrier to defend us from the Reverses of Fortune.



C H A P.

C H A P. I.

The Author's Apology for appearing in Print; his Genealogy and Birth in a Stormy Sea; he is sent to a Grammar-School.

TIS not the Ambition of appearing in Print, of being stiled an Author, or of seeming to have more Wit than my Neighbours, that induced me to publish the most material Transactions of my Life; but the earnest Request of a few Gentlemen of Humour, with whom I have the Honour of being acquainted, whose kind Indulgence and Partiality to my simple Narrations, I have too much Reason to fear, will hardly be allowed, by some ill-natur'd Readers, as a sufficient Excuse for troubling the Press with the following Sheets; especially by some cruel Criticks, from whose nice Taste I can expect but little Quarter, for neglecting all Ornament of Stile and other material modern Decorations, and preferring plain Truth and real Matter of Fact to the Ram-

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blings of Fancy and the Variety of amusing Fictions. Herein I choose to imitate and trace the Footsteps of the Baron *de Polnitz*, in his most excellent Memoirs, who takes particular Care whenever he gives a Ball, or tumbles into a Dunghill, to describe the whole Passage with the utmost Exactness, as becometh a faithful Historian. But alas! that inimitable Author has the Advantage of the Sublime in several Parts of his curious Work; familiarly treating of wise Kings, honest and able Ministers, and great Lords that dance extremely fine, as well as of Hostlers, Bums and Block-heads; while I, moving in an humbler Sphere, cannot pretend to an Elevation of Ideas, or Delicacy of Sentiments and polite Discourse, or ravishing Descriptions of Drawing-Rooms, Snuff-Boxes, Lap-dogs, and Dutcheffes; being toss'd about in the lower Scenes of Life, as far removed from a Court, as that is from Friendship, Truth and Honour.

HERE

HERE now have I a proper Opportunity (and such an one as very few Writers wou'd let slip) of complaining, like an angry Philosopher in the Compter, or satirically singing like a Newgate-Bird, my Obligations to the Justice and Bounty of *Dame Fortune*, or of mouthing at her like a furious Actor in a ranting Tragedy. Why, what the Duce cou'd the blind Jade of a Goddess mean! to lower the Progeny of a grand Emperor from one Spoke of her Wheel to another, 'till she had brought it almost to the Bottom; to reduce a more than honourable Offspring from the Dignity of wearing such a Thing as a Coronet, to the Necessity oftentimes of wearing a woollen Night-cap. For let me tell you, my Friends, Countrymen or not Countrymen, I was several times reminded by my Grandmother (a Woman of a good Family in *North-Wales*) that I might with the greatest Certainty, look upon myself as descended from a Bastard Daughter (as was verily believed) of

the second Son of *Frederick Barbarossa*, Emperor of GER——NY, whose Name I bear, as likewise did my Father before me. This Bastard-Lady's Name was *Rhodogune*, who was married to *Otho*, Count of —— . They had several Children, from the youngest Branch at length sprung *Lewis*, who leaving the Wars in the *Netherlands*, turn'd Merchant, and settled at *Lisbon*, from whence my Grandfather came to *Dublin*. *Rhodogune* continu'd her Father's Surname to the Family. Ah, Jade of a Goddess! as I said before, when I have as much Sense and as large Abilities of Genius and so forth, as might serve at least some petty *German* Prince, to pop me off with Hog's Cheek and small Beer. Ah! but enough of this; let the World rub: and pray, Gentlemen, listen to my Adventures, such as they are, if not marvellous and diverting, at least authentic and genuine.

I AM the second son of a Woollen-Draper, in the Metropolis of *Ireland*,
born

born at Sea, near the Bay of *Dublin*, on board the *Parnassus*, a Ship belonging to my Mother's Brother, then just arriv'd from *Leghorn*. My being born on that Element was occasion'd by an Invitation my Uncle gave several of his Relations in the City to dine on board; (amongst whom was my Mother, and *Welch* Grandmother, and my Uncle's Wife) the Ship being then riding at Anchor in the Bay. They were entertain'd in an elegant Manner. The Vessel was about Three Hundred Tuns Burden, and had extraordinary Accommodations. Amidst their Mirth and Jollity, a strong Gale of Wind sprung up at W.S.W. that made their Pleasure ally'd to a little Pain: my Uncle desired them to continue on board till the Wind abated, and the Tide wou'd serve them up, which wou'd be more easy and less dangerous: which was agreed to by all Parties. But the Wind still encreasing, before Midnight it blew a Storm, or rather a Hurricane; my Uncle thought it adviseable to slip his Cable and go to Sea, to trust his

Fortune to the agitated Waves, rather than run the risque of being put a-shore on the *North-Bull*.

My Mother being near the Time of bringing me to light, was so much affrighted and sick with the Ship's Motion, that it soon brought on her Labour, and next Day she added me to the Number of Passengers, with much Hazard of her own Life and mine; but as she had Relations of both Sexes on board, together with my Uncle's Surgeon, she was laid up as well as cou'd be expected in the floating Ark. The excellent Wines, &c. which foreign Countries had furnished my Uncle with, came in good play at so critical a Juncture: however, in a few Days the Ship made her Port, and landed my Mother, who survived that Dilemma to bring forth ten Children, the Product of her Nuptials.

My Father, by his Industry (notwithstanding some considerable Losses) had acquir'd a Sufficiency to educate and
set

set me up in the World in a handsome Manner ; but as Parents are often preposseſſed with great Ideas of ſome particular Child's Merits, ſo he was inclined to beſtow on me a genteeler Education than any of my other Brothers, deſigning all the reſt for Trades.

WHEN I arrived at the Age of eight Years, he agreed with the Maſter of a private Grammar-School for my Inſtruction in the Claſſics, and in the *French* Tongue by a Refugee, who was employed to teach in the ſame School. In the latter I made a ſwift Progreſs, going on with Delight and Satisfaction, occaſioned by the clear, eaſy and affable Way in which my Maſter the Hugonot inſtructed me: as to my other Studies, I did not ſeem ſo apt a Scholar; my Tasks were burdensome, my Improvement barely tolerable; nor is this at all to be wonder'd at when you come to know what I am juſt going to tell you in the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

*The Critical, Theological and Switching
Adventure of ———.*

MY Latin Schoolmaster was called—
a terrible Fellow indeed, a *Scotchman* of the Shire of *Angus*, beetle-brow'd, broad-faced and freckled, tall, but round-shoulder'd and splay-footed; 'twas his custom to wear, under a broad-brim'd Hat, a large piss-burnt Periwig, commonly awry, and so matted, that it made him look like the Picture of the Yellow Lion, (as his Breeches, which were monstrously wide, and bedawb'd with Snuff like his Coat and Waistcoat, and fastened together with a Pair of brass Clasps) exhibited the ridiculous Appearance of a *Dutch Skipper*. But not more disagreeable was the outward Aspect of this cleanly and learned Pedagogue than were the Manners of the Beast, as the *Irish* Saying is. He never spoke but with a surly Tone, an haughty and imperious Air, a formidable snarling Grin wrinkled his
Dun

Dun Features, when angry, as he for the most part was; if pleas'd, what perhaps was design'd for a Smile, look'd like half a Frown; his Image has made me several times tremble in my Sleep, as well as waking; his interrupting hoarse-assisting Voice, when I have been repeating to him, has made me forget most of the Lesson which I thought I had perfect in my Memory. In short, he taught *Latin* with only some Scraps of Grammar, and explained to his Pupils the Meaning of the Classics by the dint of a Mutton-Fist. Under this accomplish'd Gentleman I had studied and been thrash'd for about six Years, when the following Adventure came in the way to put a Period to my more than *Aegyptian* Bondage, for so did I look upon it. One Day, as I was walking alone in the Fields, perusing a Piece of *Ovid* which I had lately construed, turning about to curtail my Walk (unobserv'd as I imagin'd) my Father brushes up to me with the usual paternal Ceremony, demanding of me what Book I was reading?

reading? I answer'd his Question by naming *Ovid*: he then desired me to translate into *English* the Passage I was then upon, (he not understanding the *Latin* Tongue.) Agreeably to his Request, I sat me down upon the Grass, underneath a Hawthorn Hedge, and having a Pencil in my Pocket, set to work with Monsieur *Ovid*, at the Beginning of his First Book *De Arte Amandi*, and put Two or Three Verses into *English*, word for word. I don't remember the very Words, as I wrote 'em in Prose at that time, but the Substance in Verse is as follows,

Ye *Roman* Youths, that, free from *Cupid's*
Dart

Fear not; and Ye that feel the Lover's
Smart;

Read; that your Courtship may suc-
cessful prove,

My Verses teach the tender Art of Love.

HUM! says my Father, having read the Paper twice over, Ha! What Sort of Stuff is this I trow? Is this a Book fit for School-boys? Verily and in sooth the World is
grown

grown very wicked, or such Authors as this ——— What d'ye callum, Man! *Ovid* wou'd never be suffer'd to enter into a Christian Country; No, no, if such were the Studies in which Mr. ——— instructed me, (he told me) I shou'd no longer remain his Pupil; there are other Books and other Masters that be fitter for you. My Father being a bigotted Non-conformist, 'twas no hard Matter for me to guess at his Aim. We had just come to the Corner of a Field in our Way home, where the Ruins of an old House adjoined to the Stile, prettily decorated with large Docks, Nettles, Thistles, &c. on a Spot of Ground which had formerly been a Stack-garth, when behold Don ——— *in Hora mala* (at best for him) mounted on the wooden Convenience: I shou'd not have car'd tho' it had been a Ladder at the Gallows. He seeing a Paper in my Father's Hand, accosts him very abruptly, with Mr. ——— What have you got there? Ay, ay! says my Father, take and look at it: ay! pray look at it very carefully, you know

know the Hand I suppose; the Haberdasher of hard Words immediately pulls out his Spectacles, and settling his Countenance with a Look of hideous Importance and four Solemnity, reads his Scholar's Translation.

LET no Man be too confident of his own Opinion, even in plain Matters. Many Things appear to us *so and so*, that nevertheless will, upon Tryal, be found quite otherwise; the flattering Sun-shine is quickly changed for a Shower, and the wisest of Men, where they judge the Cast of the Die is for them, oftentimes meet with the cruel Disappointment of its being directly against them. As for Example, my Schoolmaster, taking the Spectacles from his Nose, humming thrice, and setting his right Arm a-kimbo, appeared with more Satisfaction than I had observ'd in his Face ever before, and addressing himself to my Father, began thus :

At

AT *Deucalion's* Flood, no doubt many rare Inventions and curious Arts were lost and extinguish'd; and several very useful Discoveries in Mathematicks, Physicks and Mechanicks, were suppress'd; or, as we may say, died with a dying World, irrecoverably lost, and greatly to be lamented; but how are we obliged at the same time, to the *Dii Superi* for preserving what is inestimably of more Value than all that has been lost, I mean the Knowledge of the *Greek Tongue*! for *Deucalion* being a *Greek*, and the only Man that surviv'd the general Deluge, continued his own Language uncorrupted to his Posterity, which he generated with Stones along with his Wife *Pyrrha*, he the Males, she the Females. In that Tongue (don't interrupt me) have written *Hesiod*, *Homer* and *Aristophanes*, with a great many more famous Men almost equal to the Gods; the Diction of whose Works is glorious as the pure *Æther*, and the Style quite ravishing. From them Language migrated to the *Ausonian* Shore, where the *Aborigines*, *Latins*, and Colonies

Colonies in *Magna-Græcia* (a Part of *Italy*) joined to form a Language on the footing of *Old-Greece*, reduced and fitted their Nouns and Verbs to Declensions and Conjugations, in a similar Manner with those of *Attica*. Hence arose the divine *Lucretius*; the majestic *Virgil*, and the tender and polite *Naso*, whose easy-turn'd Verses your Son *Frederick* has been attempting to explain in an *English* Dress; and, trust me, he has acquitted himself extraordinary well, considering his Age, *being just only Fourteen*. Many learned Critics, the grand Luminaries of their Age and Country, find themselves sufficiently exercised with Study at Sixty, to set to right several various Readings in this same Book; and, trust me, you merit great Commendations in providing, like a careful Father, that your Son may enjoy the Benefit of such prodigious Labours; and that, being enrich'd with Learning, he may tow'r above the ignorant and gross-minded *Canaille*. DIXI. Here he stopp'd, and stood waiting some time for an Answer

swer from my Father, who stared as one amazed, and at last got out these Words, Mr. ——— I profess I don't understand one Half of what you have been advancing; *Deucalion* with Floods and Stones, may have some secret Meaning, for aught I know, among the Learned, and *Hesiod* and *Lucretius* may be orthodox, very good Christians, but I am very much surpriz'd that you shou'd recommend this filthy Book; for I know it can be nothing else, and not at all edifying.

As when a Toad, after having been pelted with Brick-bats, by the mischievous Boys at a Distance, stands lifting up his Head and swelling out his Skin, his Eyes *sparkling* with Fire, and his Breast *beaving* with collected Venom, just so the great Don ——— stood raising his flush'd Face towards the Clouds, and out of his impatient, panting Breast, brought forth these Words, *Monstrum horrendum*——— What Impiety! what Sacrilege! not edifying! Why I tell you, Sir, Mr. *Barbarossa*! there is not perhaps a
more

more edifying Book in the World than
Ovid.

Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit Ulyſſe;

That's not edifying I ſuppoſe, ha! nor
this,

Parvenec in video, ſine me Liber ibis in Urbem;

What ſay you to this now? Hum!
truly, replies my Father, I can ſay no-
thing to it; but *Calvin*, I have heard,
and *Æcolampadius*, and *Philip Melancthon*,
are very learned Authors, and great Di-
vines. A Fiddle-ftick, quoth the other,
I'll undertake to prove there is more Di-
vinity in *Ovid* than in all the Schoolmen
and German Doctors put together. Ah!
tender *Naso*! tender *Naso*! ev'ry Verſe
of thine is bound with the Girdle of the
Graces? ſuch moving, ſuch melting
Expreſſions! In ſhort, I do aver, that
nobody has deſcribed the Tears of ſigh-
ing Youths and love-fick Maids in ſuch
a natural Manner as my *NASO*.

BLESS

BLESS me! cries my Father, is the Man distracted? Is he in his Dotage? Trow! Mr. ——— Mr. Schoolmaster! I pray you recollect your scatter'd Senses; for shame! such foolish Expressions from a Man of your Age and profound Gravity, fie! fie! ——— Mr. Rogue! Mr. Rascal! cries the Pedant, with the Spirit of a true verbal Critic, I shall teach you better Manners, Sirrah! I shall; is it for such as you to pretend to talk with us, the bright Spirits of the Age? You ought rather to stand at a distance with silent Admiration, and sing *Io Pæanes!* and crown the Temples of the Learned with *Apollo's* own Laurel: Do you pretend to speak, who have no Soul? you, who don't understand *Quæ Genus?* Behold here a paltry Blockhead, a thick-skull'd Ass, that knows not one single Line in *Quæ Genus*, has the Impudence to set up his Mouth against the Darling of the Muses; *Hæcine fieri flagitia?* — Sirrah! I give you to know that he is so far from being a Man and a Christian

who

who is ignorant of the *Rudimenta* and *Tityre tu patula* ——— that he belongs only to the Family of the Brutes; and so I spit upon thee, thou Dunghill-worm. He was as good as his Word, and he spatter'd his Opponent's Beard with a mouthful of perfum'd Wash, which was so highly resented by my Father, that his imperial Spirits bracing all his Nerves, and his *Welch* Blood fermenting, he aim'd a Blow at the Pedant's Phiz, and hit him so furiously and exactly over his huge, bottle Nose, that he forced out a mixed *Stream of Snuff and Blood* with the violent Crush. Then the other aiming, struck off my Father's Wig, making a Set of Knuckles ring about his Temples and above the left Eye. The highly descended old *Frederick Barbarossa* stagger'd, but quickly recovering himself, called out aloud, vile Caitiff! now art thou going to perceive the Difference between the Force of noble Blood and a vulgar *Scotch* Issue, he said, and immediately struck two fore-teeth, which I could perceive Popple out of the

rotten

rotten Gums which my Father had hit, and a new Stream of Blood pour'd forth to join the former snuffy Channel ; ——— finding himself so well match'd, and remembering the brave Exploits of his Youth, and being indignant that the Battle shou'd continue so long in suspense, collected his whole Strength for one mighty Blow, and using at the same time the Agility of his right Foot, laid my Father sprawling on the Ground ; but with this Misfortune to himself, that in the Struggle, the Pair of Clasps gave way which fastened his Trunk-Breeches ; which being no longer confined, and having no manner of Support, fell down to his Heels, just as he threw himself upon his Adversary. I stood all the while a tame Spectator of the Fray, without so much as offering to stir, such a Dread the Sight of ——— had struck into me ; but now, seeing him thump my Father and punching him with his Knee, I could no longer defer my Assistance. A large Crop of Nettles grew just at hand, a Bunch of which I pluck'd

up by the Stalks, and piercing the broad blind Cheeks of Don ——'s Posteriors, impudently facing the sacred Beams of the Sun, I switch'd 'em with my Nosegay, 'till such time as they were all puff'd up with fiery Blisters; I say I switch'd the victorious Hero so close that he presently left off striking my Father, and raising himself upon his Feet, essay'd to follow and revenge the Indignities he had suffer'd, which however he unluckily happened to encrease, for as I retreated to get out of his clutches, he forgetting, thro' Heat of Passion, that his Breeches were about his Heels, had scarce mov'd three or four Steps forward, till down he came into the very middle of the Nettles; there he tumbled about as if he had been in a Feather-bed where Ten Thousand Fleas were biting his Buttocks, his Hands and Face. He roar'd indeed like a furious Bedlamite in his Straw, and used more direful Execrations than a losing Gamester at ——'s Coffee-house, invoking all the Heathen Gods and Goddesses with

with ev'ry Fury of *Erebus*, and devoting
me and my Father to the *Dii Manes* and
the bottomless Pit. In this agreeable Si-
tuation, gentle Reader, we shall leave
the grand ——— to scratch where it
itches, to fasten his Clasps and put up
his Breeches at his Leisure.

Some are bewilder'd in the Maze of
Schools

And some made Coxcombs; Nature meant
but Fools :

In Search of Wit, those lose their com-
mon Sense,

And then turn Critics in their own De-
fence.

Some neither can for Wits, or Critics pass,
As heavy Mules are neither Horse nor
Afs.

Mr. POPE.

C H A P. III.

Barbarossa remov'd to study under Mr. Cant, a dissenting Teacher. — He smokes the Man's false Pretence to Religion — finds some uncommon Spiritual Papers in his Study, (not about Witchcraft, but another Craft.) — Grows tir'd of his Confinement. — At his own Desire is bound an Apprentice to an ecclesiastical Apothecary.

O HAPPY Mortals that liv'd in the Golden Age! Thrice happy ye, that lived when *Saturn* was young, and in his Vigour! O Truth! O Sincerity! Where are you to be found now a-days? Where are Modesty, Justice and Piety! Where indeed! Shall we look out for 'em in these our famous Kingdoms of *Britain* and *Ireland*? If you go to the Drawing-rooms or *Broughton's* Amphitheatre, the grand Places of Resort for Shining Beaux and brocaded Ladies, not to mention the Assemblies of *Lublin* and *Tipperary*, 'tis ten to one you find any
such

such Thing: To seek after them in Coffee-houses wou'd be as foolish a Labour as to expect them in the Cabinets of Princes. Why then, the most likely Place one wou'd imagine, must be a Cloister, or a College, their common Abode: and yet a great many People will advise you not to swear for these Places any more than for the rest. For they say several false Phantoms usually reside there which represent these divine Christian Graces: Oppression, by the means of a little Fucus, seems to be Justice; Grimace and Complaisance put on the Habits of Truth and Sincerity; Piety appears in the Shape of the Sound of the Bell; and Modesty in that of a white Surplice. Good Lord! that the Parliament will not make an Act to make People better! Come on then, follow me your Leader, to the Dwelling of a Non-conformist, a Teacher of the Puritans, of the modern Tribe of *Isachar*, whose Pupil I had the honour to be a little while, much to my Improvement.

AFTER my Father and I had return'd from the dreadful Encounter related in the last Chapter, I brought him out some brown Paper and Vinegar to apply to his Bruises. As the Embrocation pinch'd, he grew more and more peevish with me, and I got a long Lecture concerning my six Years spent in useless Studies; for several Days after we had a fresh Repetition of the Loss of so much Time, as he was pleas'd to call it. For my future Improvement, he gave an Invitation to a Couple of spiritual Pedlars in Divinity, to take their Advice what was best to be done with his Son, in Order to make him a Gospel Preacher. After some Consultation, they nominated Mr. *Cant* as a proper Person to forward me in my Studies. On that Occasion, 'twas soon agreed upon among the three, that I shou'd be sent to him, and one of them propos'd immediately to write to Mr. *Cant* to receive his usual Estimate of Charges and Scheme of Education, which was executed in my Presence.

IN a little time after, a favourable Answer being received from my intended Tutor, I got Orders to prepare for my Journey; I obey'd without any manner of Reluctance, and my Father was in so good a Humour that he made me many a kind Promise, assuring me I might depend upon his paternal Care and Affection: often adding what a secret Joy 'twou'd give his Soul to receive the Truths of the Gospel from his Son's Mouth. To proceed, my Father set out with me to the Place destin'd for my Erudition, where we arriv'd that Evening, and were receiv'd with a great deal of formal Ceremony by the antiquated Gentleman in Black, from whom I was to receive my Pulpit Instructions. The next Day my Father took his leave of me, after having given strict Orders to my old Tutor, together with the Credentials he brought from the two sanctified Interlopers in Town. Some time after, I was not a little surpris'd at his making a Demand of my Confession of Faith and Te-

nets of Religion, &c. I gave him for Answer, it was what I never studied at the Schools, and cou'd form but little Judgment upon that Head; adding, that it was a Task beyond the Knowledge of my Years. With numberless Questions and Answers, and continual Confinement in a prim Family, I pass'd over three tedious Months, which appear'd to me as so many Years.

My *Monagbonic Geneva-editioned* Lecturer expected I shou'd live as entirely shut up from all Conversation and agreeable Diversions of the World, by always denying myself the innocent Amusements of a country Villiage, and that I shou'd employ my Time in nothing but repeating Texts to him, and reading *Carleo*, *Baxter*, *Flavel*, and a large Catalogue of such like Puritanic Writers, in order to follow their Steps; but herein he was mistaken in me, as being one of a more volatile Constitution than to suffer myself to be buried in a close Room with Book-worms and Text-spoilers.

As

As to his Examinations, I soon found 'em out to be merely superficial; he had got an huge Collection of Scripture-Passages which he used to run over like Chimes on the Bells, and drag in by the Head and Shoulders, when he had put himself into a heat in disputing and falling out with his own dear self, especially when contradicting the Institutions of the Church of *England*, which he used as furiously to inveigh against, as the patch'd and pye-ball'd Whore of *Babylon*. Of the classical Learning he knew no more than I, scarce so much; however he used to hammer now and then at some *Hebreza* Roots, and had much to do with *Beza's* Version of the New Testament. He seemed to be prodigiously abstemious and austere in his Way of living, and talk'd much of mortifying the Flesh and correcting the Frailties and Cravings of Human Nature: he was exceeding voracious and prolix at his Devotions, particularly when any Strangers or Visitors were at his House, for then have I

suffer'd Punishment at the Ear so long, that Mr. — fasten'd in the Pillory (I thought) pass'd the Minutes more agreeably. Many a time have I been laid fairly asleep by the long-winded Drone. After which I was sure to be scolded for a quarter of an Hour by way of Penance for such a grievous Crime. Heavens! What a Composition of all manner of Virtues was here? What an Appearance of Sanctity? What a Pattern of Sobriety and Self-denial? What a modern Saint? What a ——— Hold, hold, Friends, fair and soft, let us stop him in the midst of his Career, and pull off his Mask.

THIS pious Piece of Stuff commonly declaimed longest to those who had most to give; and has made his Recommendations of Abstinence and fasting the Means to bring him in many a fat Turkey and tender Pullet; his long Thanksgivings after his long Meals, were attended with a full Belly and subsequent Snore. After Evening-Prayer, his Manner was to retire to his Study, there

there to comfort himself with his Pipe, his Sneaker of Punch and a large Mug of Ale, from whence he betook himself to Bed, when completely dozed with the Fumes of Mundungus and the Cordial Mixture. He used to complain very much of an ill Digestion, for he eat only four Times a Day, with some other little extraordinary Eatings and Drinkings to keep him from fainting in the Discharge of his Duty. Most part of the Money which was collected for the Poor and Distressed, he laid up safe in his own Trunk; for Charity begins at home, as sayeth Mr. WH—F——D.

It is a well known, tho' difficult Task, and I know of no one more so, I mean, of obliging or constraining young Persons of an airy, volatile Disposition to be retired, or of bringing them to that Habit by recommending to them the Love of Retirement, and withdrawing from the Gaiety of the World; neither can that Change be expected of a sudden, nor consented to by Compulsion:

tho' they be confined all Day in a close Room, yet only demand of them what their Thoughts were in those Hours of Retirement, and they'll inform you, their Confinement. Therefore that's the improperest Method which can be ever pursued. The volatile Spirits of Youth must be sooth'd by the most winning, persuasive Arguments, and not menaced into Reflection by puzzling their Brains with any disagreeable Study ; but laying such Books alone before them as are calculated to their Improvement, without any immoral or indecent Language. Thus, by degrees, may they be brought to the Study and Approbation of what is more serious, without Compulsion. For as a certain Person, eminent for Wisdom, observes, What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to an human Soul : The Philosopher, the Saint, and the Hero, the wise, the good, or the great Man, very oft lie hid in a Plebeian ; which a proper Education might have disinterred and have brought to light.

BEING

BEING now heartily tired of the Family, and the Confinement of the Place, I signified to my learned Teacher *Ananias Cant*, that I wou'd write to my Father to remove me home, for that the Study he propos'd to me was contrary to my Inclinations; withal telling him, it wou'd not be Prudence to force me to what was not my natural Desire, and suited not my Genius. A few Days after, an Order came for my Departure home. Accordingly I bid adieu to my old Gentleman in Black, and received his formal Benediction. At my Return I was presently taken to task by my Father and his two spiritual Busy-bodies; when, after a long Harangue on all Sides, I acquainted them my Mind was fixt unalterably to be a Bookseller; adding, that 'twou'd then be in my Power to serve the Clergy with spiritual Drugs. In fine, my Father perceiving me entirely resolv'd and bent thereon, desir'd his all-knowing Counsellors to make choice of a Master of their own Persuasion, one of a religious Character, which was accordingly

ingly done: In a few Days Space the Indentures were executed, a fifty Pound Fee was given with me, and poor Pilgarlick commenc'd an Apprentice for seven Years.



C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

The Characters of Mr. Vellumite and his Wife; a Breach between them, which some Difficulty soder'd up. This Chapter for want of Stuff, ek'd out with Gods and Goddeesses.

MR. Vellumite the Bookseller, whom I had the Honour to serve, was a good-natur'd Man, which Quality aton'd for others not very laudable. Hasty he was and suspicious, but credulous and easy to be impos'd upon; a rigid Zealot and great Usurer; he'd never miss a snuffling Harangue, or an Opportunity of money-catching. In short, he was an Elder of a Conventicle, and had amassed very great Riches from a very low Beginning. A great Part of fifteen Years he had par'd his Nails and his Cheese, and boil'd his Potatoes in a little blind Alley, where he had his Shop like a Closet, and a dark Kitchen that serv'd him for a Dining-room, Work-house and Parlour. He was a perfect Master

Master of the Craft, and knew all the Tricks fit to be made use of by a conscientious Bookfeller. When I enter'd with him, he had a large well-furnish'd House and Shop in the best Part of the Town, where he had liv'd many Years, and was look'd upon as a first-rate Man in his Way, a topping Tradesman.

To the Age of fifty-five he lived an easy quiet Life, like a sober, pains-taking Man, without one hard Gale of Ill-fortune to disturb his placid Voyage. 'Tis true he was a Batchelor, and used often to be teased by the Ladies on account of his Aversion to Matrimony. Goodness! Mr. *Vellumite*, cries one, How have the fair Sex disoblig'd you, that you never think of an Help-mate to carry home to that fine House of yours? Sadness! says another, this is a strange Foible of yours to be so hard-hearted; besides, you shou'd consider the Dilemma it must bring upon you: Why you'll grow an old Batchelor soon; and what's an old Batchelor good for but to attend

on an old Maid and lead——— you know the common Expression. To this, with a smirking Fleece, and shrugging up his Shoulders, he would answer, He did not know; he cou'd not tell, perhaps there might be some Woman predestinated and made on purpose for him, which might some time or other come in his Way. Here indeed he guess'd very well to know nothing of the matter, for the predestinated Wife he met with, at the Age abovesaid, she not exceeding twenty-three.

An old Astrologer, an Almanack-maker, who had been a second-hand Shoemaker, like the noted *Partridge*, used to tell the Story thus. Poring one Night thro' a Pastboard Telescope, when *Mercury* was Lord Ascendant, he thought *Venus* a little fluster'd, as if she had taken the Huff at something or other: she presently calls *Cupid*, who had been sent to *Paphos* on an Errand to Lady —— and was just return'd; Somewhat she whisper'd which cou'd
not

not reach mortal Ears at such a Distance. Presently, twang goes the Bow of the little Archer, and a fiery Arrow flew, like a falling Star, to the Dwelling of Mr. *Vellumite*. He was dreaming of Mrs. *Hannab Darnell* just as he was wounded (for that was her name, who afterwards became my Mistress.) He starting out of his Sleep, sighed, neither was ever after easy in his Mind, till his Wound was cured by marrying the above-mention'd Lady. She was born at *Doncaster* in *Yorkshire*, where she lived till the Age of twenty-one Years, at which time it unluckily happen'd that a spruce toupée Ensign passing that Way & recruiting, made his Addresses to her in the very same Words which he had made use of to several others before, and which he had paid dearly for to a certain Scribbler in a certain Coffee-house. Mrs. *Hannab* was so silly as to believe him in every thing he said to her: for surely it cou'd never have come into her Head that fine Gentlemen very often prove mere Scoundrels. Besides he protested with many Oaths, that

that he would marry her; that she shou'd live with him in Splendor, gold Lace and what not, even as he himself fared: so they bedded together and were mutually very loving and kind to each other, 'tis thought, for some time, till she found the Effects of such Intimacy, and made him a Speech thereon. Just at half an Hour past Midnight, MERCURY, the Messenger of *Jupiter*, puts on his winged Hat, fastening his *Talaria* to his heels, and taking his *Caduceus* in his Hand, flies down with the Eastern Wind, and entering the Chamber where the doughty Hero of a Captain lay, plucks him first by one Ear, then by the other, admonishing him to decamp. The Captain, who had a great Regard for *Mercury*, and had been accusom'd to his Voice, took the hint; so within a Day or two after, he and Serjeant *Kite* marched off together without beat of Drum: the forsaken Damsel was disconsolate, was discover'd, was turn'd out of the House and sent to grafs to a small Farm which her Father gave her

to make the most off and shift for herself. Within a few Months she was made a Mother. *Diana*, partly in Compassion to human Frailties, and the Ladies Grief, partly out of Spite to *Mercury* (with whom she had a Quarrel at Cards, for cheating worse than the Ladies themselves) sent a Dart, a deadly one, whereby the Child died in the Month. Now was Mrs *Hannah* become a Maid again, quite new, or little worse for the wearing; and might have lived to have married in her own Country very decently, had it not been for a what-d'ye-call-'em, a — long-tongu'd Gossip, High Fame, a babbling Goddess that makes herself busy where and when there's no manner of Occasion; she who is always upon the wing, having more Eyes than *Argus*, had soon pryed into the secret Affair, and fell blowing aloud the Trumpet of Scandal.

Loud as the burst of Cannon rends the
Skies,
 The dire Report thro' all the Country
 flies;

In

In ev'ry Ear incessant Rumours rung,
And gath'ring Scandals grew on ev'ry
Tongue :

From the black Trumpet's rusty Con-
cave broke

Sulphureous Flames and Clouds of rol-
ling Smoke.

The pois'nous Vapour blots the purple
Skies,

And withers all before it as it flies.

POPE.

POOR Mrs. *Hannab's* Misfortune now
furnish'd every Tea-table with secret
Memoirs ; and the whole Carding-room
at *Doncaster* with malicious Censures, and
uncharitable Reflections : A Brat was
often express'd there ; Church-wardens
and impudent Slut ; with a strolling
Fellow of a Captain too ; forsooth, —
a fine Madam indeed ! the Confidence
of such Hussies ! Pray, whose Deal is
it ? The nasty Creature ! I warrant ye,
she'll not die of this Bout, she'll be tra-
velling a little farther first, and in some
distant Part of the Country pass for a
modest

modest Girl, and expose her impudent Face with as much Assurance as ever. The Lady that spoke last, spoke right; for Miss *Darnell* had presently disposed of her Affairs, and with one of her female Acquaintance sets out for DUBLIN, where she wou'd pass altogether for *incog.* it being a constant Maxim with the Country-Girls, when they have crack'd their Reputation at home, by being too good-natur'd out of Time and Place, to repair to the Capital of either Nation, and there set themselves out for harmless, innocent Country Maids. Thus the Citizens are frequently gull'd, and the Cockney meets with a butter'd Bun for his Sugar-candy.

SHE was very dextrous at her Needle, had a Tongue like a Syren, which she knew very well how to make use; and at this time, in which she was particularly careful of her Behaviour, she appear'd to greater Advantage remarkable for her pretended Virtue and Prudence: She got to be Waiting-maid to the
Bishop

Bishop of———'s Lady, pleas'd the whole Family mighty well, and in short, gain'd the Character of a good, ingenious and discreet *English* Woman. Mr. *Vellumite* supplied the Family with Books, and by his frequent Visits to the House, got acquainted with Mrs. *Hannah Darnell*, and lik'd her so well that he took her for better for worse, for ever and for aye.

A FEW Months after the Nuptials were celebrated, the Woman seem'd to be quite metamorphos'd; her Temper was alter'd from Mildness and Gentleness to Peevishness, Moroseness and Insolence; her Pride got the upper hand of her Prudence; Ambition of Complaisance: Fortune having rais'd her to an higher Sphere than she had been placed in ever before; and from deep Distress elevated to a noble Pitch of Grandeur. O changeable Woman! it appear'd as if her Head had been turned with the Wheel. She began to forget all her former Acquaintances, and whensoever
such

such as had been her fellow-servants, or Neighbours with whom she had been intimate at first coming, made her a Visit, she commonly was indispos'd with the Vapours and Splen, received them very indifferently and coldly, spokelittle, was sullen and reserv'd, and frequently subject to a sad Distemper which many fine Ladies are troubled with, called *Je ne scay quoi*.

As for my Part, she used me in a most haughty, tyrannical manner, liker a Foot-boy than an Apprentice; hard Words and Slavery she oblig'd me to undergo at once, and fulfill'd the Proverb of the Beggar to a Tittle.

HER Fellow Traveller from *Yorkshire* resented her ill Usage, and resolv'd to fetch Truth up from the bottom of the Well, so blew her Character. This she did effectually, managing the Affair with a Judgment both nice and spiteful: for going to drink Tea with a Manteau-maker,

maker, she revealed to her the whole Transactions of my Mistress having had a Child, and being turned away from her Father's House, &c. but at the same time desir'd Mrs. Manteau-maker not to divulge one Word of it unto any body, but to keep it as an inviolable Secret. The other promis'd that she wou'd; so away she went directly to the Miliner's and told her it all. They two immediately committed the important Secret to all their Customers, as a thing not to be spoke of again. Howbeit, these Ladies never rested 'till they had inform'd the whole Town of ev'ry single Circumstance.

THE unwelcome News soon reach'd my Master's Ears, who received it not with that Christian Patience and Resignation which his superficial Sanctity made a Pretence of: it fill'd the canting Carl with the most extravagant Fury. He threaten'd to put her to instant Death, by the same Hand that shou'd

D

pro-

protect her, if she did not immediately discover the whole Affair, without any Evasion, or Reservation of Mind. Affrighted with his Menaces and angry Looks, she fell down upon her Knees, beseeching him not to hurl her unprepared Soul to a fatal Tryal and unavoidable Perdition. She desired to be heard, offer'd to give him Satisfaction in every Particular, and faithfully to disclose to him ev'ry Passage of her Life, upon Promise of Pardon. He was gruff and refused; she continued supplicating; he to harden his Heart. Just so let them continue for a little longer, whilst we make an Excursion and call on them as we come back again.

DULNESS is a great Goddess that has far more Votaries than any other, as well in the Cabinet as in the Camp and Church of some Nations. But in *Ireland* particularly, her Shrines are universally adored. All Ranks and Degrees of People here, own her their Nursing-Mother.

Mother. Here she has her Chariot and Equipage; much she resides in this famous Metropolis, and comes in awful Majesty from the Bogs of *Tipperary*, with Clenches and Conundrums clustering behind her Chariot, drawn swiftly along by Blunders and Bulls, after the Music of Owls and the Flight of Bats. She was just upon a Journey to Hell when she heard Mr. *Vellumite*, one of her Favourites, in a Passion unbecoming a Puritan and a Pillar of a Conventicle, she was going, I say, to make a Visit to her Cousin *Morpheus* on the behalf of a *Ger—n* General, who was marching almost four Miles a day, and a certain *English* Member of Parl——t, who was going to the House to say Ay instead of No. These were two of her dear Sons whom she was desirous to stop upon her Road, to the intent they might take Time enough to consider, and first of all, take themselves a sound Nap. Now this Quarrel happening as she pass'd by, accelerated her Flight to the Regions

below: There, in a Grove adjoining to the Dominions of her Parents, Chaos and Old Night, she found the dioufy God with his Hand depending on his Breast, and crown'd with wild Poppies; Beneath a Poplar-tree he sat, on whose Leaves Myriads of Dreams and Fancies flutter'd their busy Wings; on each hand stood Gorgons and Hydra's, Chime-ra's and fiery Dragons. At the Approach of the Goddess, they fell to the Ground in a submissive Posture: She hailed her Cousin and thus began.

O POWERFUL *Morpheus*! Partner of my Glories, behold here thy Cousin soliciting thy immediate Aid in a very acute Case: Arise; let us haste; the Time admits of no Delay. The God thrice shook the Poppies on his Head, and with a faltering Tongue spoke thus.

UM! Is — it — a puzzled — M——r — again — or — the Conscience of — the fat Alderman — — *End* — somebody — that fears to be out, — or some
that

that — wants — to be in? No, no, says she, we'll take another time to visit the A——y-Office, the Ex---q- r, the Common-Council, and Play-houses of *London*; but let's haste now to DUBLIN, where a ticklish Piece of Business disturbs the grave Mr. *Vellumite*. MORPHEUS made no Reply; away they went, and in an Instant arrived at my Master's House. The Cousin of Duiness, directed by her, lifted up a Wand which had a Bladder fixed to the End of it, in which were Opium and Honey, and some Water of *Lethe*. With which Bladder he struck my Master three times gently on the Forehead, as he beheld my Mistress repeating her Entreaties.

IMMEDIATELY his Passion abated; he now cou'd, with more Patience, observe her Eyes swoln with Tears, and her Breast heaving and labouring under the bitterest Agitations for the Loss of her Reputation and his Love. At last he bid her rise, telling her, that the least false Step

he cou'd charge her with for the future, shou'd prove an eternal Separation.

THE Reader may imagine this Scene must have afforded me no small Satisfaction, who was privy to the Interview, and an Eye-Witness to all that pass'd between them. Ay, but by what Means, Friend? How happen'd that? you'll say. To satisfy your Curiosity then, I must acquaint you that I had made a small Gimblet-hole in the Parlour Door, thro' which I sometimes observed more Things than one. This Discovery gave me Courage, therefore I was resolv'd not to be insulted any longer by my fine Mistrefs, or receive ill Usage, upon any Account whatever.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

*Containing some wonderful Discoveries,
and amazing Mid-night Adventures.*

TO be sure the married State is the most happy in the World, when two People of agreeable Tempers and easy Circumstances, happen to go together: but when either of these are wanting, I doubt much the poor Priest of the Parish will meet with a Blessing backward for putting them together: besides, without Virtue, no State of Life can ever be happy; and the Slips of the Fair-Sex, in the Violation of Chastity, will very seldom (in this hard World) be thought aton'd for by many Virtues. I wou'd willingly moralize a little longer, but have not time at present, for I am hastening to one of the frightfullest Adventures that has ever been heard of in *Tipperary* or *Teagueland*.

IN a short time after the Reconciliation between my Master and Mistress, I perceiv'd his Curmudgeonship a little sweet upon *Betty* the Servant-maid; I thought I wou'd watch his Waters for him, and dive to the Centre of their Intrigues, hoping, like an idle Dog, to receive as many Favours as my Master from this kind-hearted *Susanna*, especially as I was by far the *younger* ELDER of the two.

My Mistress, according to Custom, went to Thursday's Lecture in the Suburbs, where she was to be very godly for several Hours together, for there were a couple of strong Sucklings in Divinity to preach that Day. In her Absence, my Master and Mrs. *Betty* (for so he order'd me and his Niece to call her) retir'd to the Parlour, to act a merry Scene very gravely: Where, by the help of my cunning Hole in the Door, I saw so much that *Collin* might very naturally have ask'd me if I had seen his Cow in the Way. Toward the Evening, Harkee, says I, Mrs. *Betty*, a Word
with

with you, if you please. A couple, says she, Mr. *Frederick*, if you think convenient. Whereupon I began and told her all I was privy to, by means of the foresaid Hole in the Parlour-door; to wit, the grand Contest between my Master and Mistress; as also, some nice Particulars relating to herself: she was confounded and stood amazed at my wonderful strange Discoveries: she wept, but I smil'd at her, and she smil'd at me again; and, (like a true Woman and a vile one) setting aside all her own Faults, took a malicious, ill-natur'd Pleasure in hearing me repeat over and over the Frailties and Disgrace of her Mistress.

I DAILY gain'd an Ascendant over the Charms and good Nature of Mrs. *Betty*. She was a pert, handsome young Woman about twenty-two Years of age, and of a good Family in the North. I had frequent Access to her Lips, but for some time, was denied all further Alliance. At length Matters were

brought to a Crisis, and she was convinced by sage Arguments, that one Bed was better for us both than two. However, as Mr. *Vellumite* was prying in the dark like an Owl, and more timorous than any old Hare ; and since he was usually the latest Person up, in order to see Candles and Fires put out, and all Things safe as possible ; therefore we postpon'd the Appointment 'till a further Opportunity. So I contriv'd this Stratagem. I requested leave of my Master to go and see a new Pantomime Entertainment, which at that time had a great Run, as they call it. Mr. *Vellumite*, after having express'd a bitter Aversion to Plays in general, railed very much at this Diverſion in particular (Dr. *Fauftus* was the Name of the Entertainment) wondering that People (bleſs us !) would go to the Devil ; that is, to ſee the Devil brought upon the Stage : and who knows, (continues he) but the Wicked-one may come really, without their ſending ſo far for an Actor, and ſpoil their Heatheniſh Sport ! Well, for
this

this once I know not how to deny you; but pray let's have no more of these Goings, which are no better than Backslidings. Thus succeeding according to my Desire, I went to the Play, and play'd but four Acts, being intent upon another Theatre, in which I was to act the principal Character myself.

IMPATIENT for Action, I set forward in a great hurry for my Paradise, leaving the Pantomine, the Devil and the Doctor behind, I stole into the House unobserv'd by any of the Family but Mrs. *Betty*; so mounted aloft to my Star-Chamber, desiring, she wou'd acquaint my Master, that 'twou'd be very late before the Play wou'd be done, and that she wou'd sit up in my Room 'till I knock'd at the Door. Matters went on smoothly; the cautious Coxcomb swallow'd the Bait. I bless'd my happy Invention a thousand Times, and begg'd of *Betty* not to let any thing in the World stop her a Moment longer than was quite necessary, and by no means to dis-

appoint my sanguine Expectations. She comes ; Ye Gods ! she undresses, Heavens ! I thought all the World was my own and myself the happiest Creature in it. As a fool that taketh up a Fiddle-stick thinks he shall make excellent Music, when, alas ! nothing follows but Discords ; and the Idiot is like to get a Slap on the Chaps for doing the Thing he should not ; so it happen'd with me. I was just now upon the Pinnacle of earthly Bliss, when Old Nick, I suppose, had a mind to be even with me for leaving him so unmannerly at the Play-house. Mr. *Vellumite*, according to his wonted Custom, came hopping up stairs to see if the Candles were out ; (and not influenc'd by Jealousy) as *Betty* and I enter'd snugg within the linnen Ambuscade, little expecting the Enemy's Approach, having heard his Foot upon the Stairs, I straitway jump'd out of Bed, and with much Difficulty made a lodgment in the Chimney. Exalted in my sooty Mansion, I had Time to reflect on the Inconstancy of Fortune, and
the

the Nature of the Crime which I had no leifure to perpetrate. But after all, this, 'twas with no fmall regret that I thought upon poor *Betty*, whom I was constrained to leave too abruptly, and much fooner than either of us defir'd : He lifted up the Catch and bolted into the Room, calling me by my Name ; but no Answer being made, his Curiofity led him to the Bed-fide——Up starts *Betty* in great confufion and fuprife (but Woman's Wit, upon a Pinch, is always ready) who demanded of him the Reason of his coming at that Hour, when he knew Mr. *Frederick* was abroad. He gave for Answer, 'twas to fee whether he were returned from the Play-houfe, for he was afraid that fome Mifchief had happen'd. She blufh'd becaufe fhe was discover'd in that Place, and told him, that as he had given Mr. *Frederick* leave to go to the Play, and 'twou'd be very late before the Entertainment was over, fhe had agreed to fit up for me in my Chamber, which faced the Street, that the Houfe might not be

difturb'd

disturb'd with my knocking at the Door :
and that truly she bethought herself she
might as well lie down on the Bed, till
I came to the Door, as sit up ; so begg'd
he wou'd be pleas'd to withdraw till she
remov'd (for *Frederick*, she thought,
wou'd not be long a coming) and hop'd
she had committed no Crime in being
there. He, with a smiling Countenance,
said, sure she cou'd be under no Suspi-
cion of his laying any Bed-crime to her
charge ; neither had he disturb'd her in
the least : but only because of a fright-
ful Dream of the Devil, who had taken
Barbarossa upon his Shoulders at the
Play-house, (that Sink of Idolatry and
Abomination of Desolation) and had
flown away with him in a Flash of Fire,
till he had lodged him in that very Chim-
ney ; pointing to the same Place where
I was. — O Pox of all Dreams, thought
I ; the Devil take that Devil who has
put such Things into his Head : I cer-
tainly shall be discover'd : hark, is he
not coming to look up the Chimney ?
he cannot well miss me : a Pox on all
Lechery,

Lechery, Stratagems and Play-houses. The Reader must now form a comical Idea of the Pannic I was in, every Joint trembling like a Person in a Fit of an Ague; partly with Cold, it being *November*, and having nothing upon me but a grimy Shirt; partly (which was the only Reason) with Fear of the old Don's peeping up the Chimney; at each Syllable of the Dream, I was like to slip my hold and tumble down into the Room: at his last Words, I was almost deprived of all Power of Reflection, inasmuch as they founded, methought, thro' my footy Tube, like a Clap of Thunder.

How strange a Thing is it that Women, the beautifullest Part of the Creation, shou'd be so mischievous? Fire and Water are Elements very destructive; but Woman, charming Woman! employs them all to the Ruin of Mankind. Pray! What was the Cause of the *Trojan* War, and the burning of that imperial City *TROY*, with all her Temples and Palaces?

Palaces? WOMAN. And what caus'd the *Grecian* Fleet, in their Return home with Triumph, to be split on the Rocks, and swallowed up by the Waves? WOMAN. After this manner is it that angry Lovers commonly rail against the Fair-sex, and at this time I thought I had as much Reason to exclaim as any one living: tho' by the bye, I might as well complain of the Knife after I had cut my Fingers with it.

PRESENTLY I heard the Door clap to again, and *Betty*, I thought, stepping out of Bed, and huddling on her Things. I reviv'd, I rejoic'd to have escap'd a Scouring, imagining the Enemy retreated, and the Field was my own. When, making too much hast to descend from my uneasy Station, I came plump down upon the Grate, tumbling upon the Floor. The Surprise had such an Effect upon my *Dulcinea*, that, not considering what she had done, she scream'd out as if the Devil had thrown me down the Chimney in earnest. This immediately

diately alarmed me, and expecting to be attack'd again, I thought proper to hasten, without Loss of Time, to my former Intrenchment. I was not deceived, for my Master return'd in a prodigious hurry and flutter, and with a fault'ring Accent, asked the Cause of that Outcry. Now the female Genius was at work again, pumping for another Excuse: and to give *Betty* her due, it came out very readily. Alas! says she, I am so prodigiously frighted, I doubt I shall never be myself again. O Lud! I thought——oh! you've put such Fancies into one's Head.——I thought, as how——and when I look'd at the Candle, methought it burnt blue, and there was a Noise I know not how, but it put me in mind——it was a Noise as if the Devil were in the room. Oh!—I protest, *Betty*, quoth my Master, 'tis not unlikely, that is, that you might imagine so; for surely it cou'd be nothing but Imagination. But ha! what's all this? Bless us! what's here? the Soot in heaps spread about the Hearth,

with

with broken Pieces of Bricks and Lime among it! strange! there must be something more than ordinary in this. I don't know what to think of it. Hum! think, says *Betty*, pray let's get out of the Room: for my Part, I don't care to stay any longer. Stay, stay, let me consider, *Betty*; this must be either something or nothing; but 'tis plain there has been something; and there may be something still perhaps, more than you and I have dreamt of: What if there shou'd be some Rogue in the Chimney, with a Design of robbing the House? I profess my Heart's just at my Mouth? I think I smell him: there must be some Thief hid in the Chimney, and we shou'd all have been murder'd in our Sleep, had it not been for these Warnings, that wou'd not suffer me to rest.

Pox take his Nose, thought I, what a quick Scent he has! I shall be found out now, like a Fox betrayed by my own Grease, for there had, it seems, a small
Matter

Matter dropt inadvertently behind, and I was in such a Sweat that the Drops ran trickling down my Face; which wiping off with my sooty Hands, I made myself as black as a Negro of the true Dye: my Night-cap fared no better; but above all, my Shirt, about the Neck and Shoulders, was as black as myself.

HE was just going to peep up the Chimney, and had taken the Candle with the same Intent, when *Betty*, as good Luck wou'd have it, took hold of his Arm, bawling out to him, for God's sake, to take care of his precious Life, and not hazard being shot at by Villains who might blow his Brains out at first sight, in case any were hidden there. Bring my Gun then, says he, bring my great Gun; I'll let drive up the Chimney, hit or miss. O Lord! thought I, I shall be pepper'd now; would I were at the Play-house again, or a Mile beyond the Gallows, with all my Heart! this comes of Intrigues, with a Vengeance——
Why, Sir——the Gun—replies *Betty*,
you

you know, I fancy, that as to the Gun, the Lock is spoiled, and was taken off to be mended. I'll shoot without it, says Mr. *Vellumite* (like a true-born *Irishman*) bring the Gun. She seem'd to be going for it but turning suddenly back, tells him to stand where he was, and she wou'd venture to look up and see if there was any Occasion for a Gun; but that she wou'd not suffer him to run any hazard. She came, and saw, and overcame, like *Cæsar*; and triumph'd over Mr. *Vellumite's* Weakness. Ha! ha! ha! there's nothing here, nothing in the World. And now I remember that, two Days ago there fell a Slate that has caused this Litter; but indeed and indeed I had put myself in such a Fright, that 'twas entirely out of my mind; ha! ha! but O Lud! I was far more afraid for you than for myself. So spake the fair Damsel and smil'd at the old Don; and he as silly as *Sampson*, tho' not so strong, was taken with her wheedling; and throwing his Arms about her Neck, kiss'd and slobber'd her

her, and was e'en for taking my Place in the Bed with her, tho' his own Wife was every Minute expecting him; who, upon hearing the Noise, had got up and was come out of her Chamber. My Master thought proper to march away and *Betty* follow'd: a good Rid-dance and joyful Departure for me who had no easy Birth, no agreeable Reveries.

I now descended more leisurely than before, and shaking my mourning Weeds, began to consider. To Bed I cou'd not go, I was in such an abominable Pickle. What was then to be done? To put on my Clothes and slip out of the House! No; that was too much Trouble; therefore I thought a readier Way might be contrived to set me at ease. I determin'd, as soon as all was hush'd again, to steal gently down stairs, wash myself from Head to Foot in the Back-kitchen, and put on a Shirt I had wore the Day before, so slip back again to Bed. This appear'd very easy to be done. Any body may imagine I might return quietly

etly and cleanly to my Bed-chamber, without any manner of Disturbance to the Family, Terrors to my Master, and trembling Agues to myself.

BUT now, gentle Reader, confess, don't you begin to be vastly uneasy at that? but,—and let me tell you, not without Reason; for this black Adventure was not likely to be so soon ended: no; Old Nick was resolv'd to play another Dog-trick still, and frighten godly-seeming, cant-loving, hypocritical People half-way out of their Senses; and the amorous Pilgarlick into the Bargain. A terrible Night I trow, as *Philips* says, a Night full of Terror,

'Twas now an awful Night —————

————— and not one Star appear'd thro' the universal Gloom; the labouring Ox forbears to ruminate, and loses his past Toil in grateful Rest; Mifs and her Monkey are both asleep; the Players have got their Dose; the formidable Officer that commands under Queen *Cynthia*, has put on his Rug,
and

and march'd thro' three Ale-houses without much Opposition; In short, the
aforesaid Matron in black, the shadowy
Offspring of Darknes—

————Proceeding on with silent Pace
 Stood in her Noon, and view'd, with
 equal Face,
 Her steepy Rise, and her declining Race.

From these Hints any one that has studied an Almanack, understands how to cast a Figure, or erect an Horoscope may guess within a couple of Hours what Time of Night it was, and be no Conjuror for all that. I grop'd out my Night-gown in the dark, and a Pair of Slippers, which holding in my Hands I attempted to descend to the Cistern, to wash and be clean; I very luckily got into the Back-kitchen without any Noise. All Things were hush'd, as Nature herself lay dead; I was laughing in my Sleeve at my Master's Fright and Credulity, wond'ring how Men of Sense cou'd still retain the idle Notions which
doting

doting Nurfes instill'd into their Minds when Children, concerning the midnight Pranks of Devils, and Apparitions and grim Ghosts, staring with Saucer-Eyes. I had laid down my Night gown and put on my Slippers, when O horrible! something all hairy, and of a monstrous Bulk, thrust its Head over my Shoulders, and brushed my Face; opening at the same time, as I imagin'd, a prodigious wide Pair of Jaws, with an Eye like a Cyclops; Immediately my Hair stood upright, I jump'd like a Dancing-master, bellowing in a frightful Manner. My Confusion was still more encreased by a Crook, which, as I was cutting a caper, caught fast hold of my Shirt, and seem'd to pull me back. I renewed my Exclamations and swell'd my Voice, if possible, to an higher Tone than before. I had not Courage to say, WHAT ART? dire Apprehensions and Pale Fear fill'd ev'ry Vein. Immediately urging Necessity put another Spring to my benumb'd Limbs; I vaulted straight forward towards the
Door,

Door, as I thought; but light upon a Board, in the midst of a Bucket full of greasy Washings and Kitchen-stuff, reserv'd there for the Hogs; down came I and the Bucket upon me, Grease and all: I shou'd have been sick at any other time of such a filthy Lotion, but then my Thoughts were otherwise too much engag'd to take any notice of such a Pickle. Not far from me the Thing seem'd to move, which, by the pit-patting of its Feet, one might easily conjecture to be cloven. Good Heavens! what a Condition did I feel myself in! extended on the cold Floor, naked to the Shirt, begrim'd and bewash'd with a Stink-pot, while the Foul-fiend himself was stalking around me! ah! gentle Reader, this was no fit Time for Jokes! neither was it a proper Place for Repose, and I was not inclin'd to sleep. By this Time the Cat and Dog were disturb'd in the Kitchen, which, together with my hideous Outcries, had brought my Mistress to the Stair-head in her Smock, with a Candle in her Hand;

E

a glim-

a glimmering of the Candle light directed me to the Door, where I fell upon the Steps with just my Head stretched a little over the Threshold. My Mistress might have a full View of me, as far as my footy Shoulders, which were now adorn'd with Lumps of Fat. The Fiend, it seems, had stalked after me, and as I bellow'd like a Bull, so he bray'd like an Ass. Now had we a hellish Concert of Music indeed; the Dog snuff'd at me and bark'd furiously, the Cat squall'd, the Ass brayed; at the same time I strove to mimic an infernal Bass, (for now I discover'd my Mistake) lifting up my Head, and rolling my Eyes to represent an Emissary of Old Nick's: upon which, my Mistress set up a Treble like one of the Furies, immediately falling down in a Fit, tail over head she rolled down Stairs, laying flat upon her Back just before me. There was no need to bid me march off: but first of all, I was minded to be avenged of the hairy Monster that threw me into such Terror and foul Dismay; so I went up

to him and gave him two or three hearty Slaps over his long Ears, which the sluggish Afs, being naturally a Coward, did not seem to resent; for it happen'd to be a real Afs which an old Woman, an Assistant of *Betty's* used to drive home at night sometimes and lodge in the Back-kitchen, to be ready soon enough in the Morning, to the End my Mistress might drink a little of the warm Milk before she got out of Bed.

I PUT on my Night-gown and Slippers, and getting over the Curtain-wall, quitted the haunted House. Why shou'd I tell whom I frightened first, whom last, in my Ramble to a Friend's House, at some distance, whither I made the best of my Way? the Apothecary's Boy, Lord Rake and his Servants? I came to the hospitable Door where I expected Admittance and a Seat of Rest: but how was I disappointed; when having knock'd a long time at the Door, and the Maid upon hearing my Name had open'd it, even then to be shut out? for

the Baggage had no sooner taken a compleat Survey of my Phiz, but she clapt to the Door and fasten'd the Chain across. I soon after heard my Friend's Voice calling for his Pistols, who opening a Window, demanded fiercely, Who was there? 'Twas very well for me he knew my Voice; so upon my earnest Entreaty he made haste to open me the Door, for the Watch was not very far off.

—————*Sic me servavit APOLLO.*



C H A P.

CHAP. VI.

Which contains little or nothing.

EARLY in the Morning, having with my Friend's Assistance thrown off the Livery of Darkneſs and Old Night; and being no longer afraid of Phœbus's prying Ray, I marched very gravely to my Maſter's Houſe, entering in with as much ſeeming Unconcern as if I had altogether been quite ignorant of what had happen'd. I got indeed a Reprimand for being abſent all the Night from home; but I gave ſuch plauſible Reaſons for my not coming at an unſeaſonable Hour as quickly allayed the Storm of my Maſter's Paſſion.

'Twas no ſmall Matter of Mirth to me to hear him relate the Adventures of the preceeding Night, and how diſmally the whole Family had been frightened by an Aſs; how providentially my Miſtreſs (poor Woman!) had eſcaped with her Life, being only a little batter'd and

bruised : Neither did he forget to tell us of his finding *Betty* in my Bed. I perceiv'd this Part of the Story to have been relish'd better by himself than by his Wife. And indeed it was not long before *Betty* was taken to task by her concerning that Affair. *Betty* aware of her Suspicions, very artfully vindicated her Character and Innocence, with all the female Rhetorick she was Mistress of ; so bursting forth into Tears, she declared it gave her the greatest concern in the World to be charg'd with a seeming Guilt in such an horrid Business, as to have to do with a Man. O frightful ! She thanked God she did not know a Man from a Woman but by the Cap and Petticoat, &c. and for her part, truly she cou'd not, no, not she indeed, she wou'd by no means continue any longer in a Family where any such unjust Suspicions were harbour'd. Mr. *Vellumite* was brought into the Scene of such Disputes ; Miss *Margery* spoke strenuously in behalf of my Virtue and Piety, and used Arguments with her Uncle to discharge

discharge *Betty*, for the sake of preserving Peace in the Family. These Words had none Effect upon him, he was still for retaining *Betty* in his Service, and gave a strict Charge, that no Repetition of any thing past shou'd be ever made in his House, upon pain of incurring his immediate Displeasure for the future.

To confirm Miss *Margery's* Testimony of my Piety, I borrow'd an old Cloak at the Meeting-house: or, in other Words, I used a formal Air, Habit, and kind of religious Cant to blind the Eyes of the Family, and endeavour'd to express as great an external Shew of Sanctity as possible, that I might gain the good Graces and Opinion of my Master and Father concerning me. I may be said to have dated my Profession of sacred Hypocrisy from my Study in the Chimney. Alas, alas! a fit Musæum for such a Scholar. Emblematical enough for the College-chamber wherein I might begin the learning such a black Art under Professor *Beelzebub*.

IN short, so affected was my Cant, so deep my Meditation, that I soon became a very great Favourite in the Family, infomuch that my Master put Miss *Margery*, his Niece, under my Care to be instructed in the *French* Tongue; but as she was but at best an unfinished Piece of the Creation, I cou'd not make her Person agreeable to me, altho' she made great Efforts and Attempts towards it.

THE Task was irksome: she had red Hair of a pretty deep Tinge, which commonly greasing well with Pomatum, she used to load with a large Quantity of Powder: She ogled with great Exactness and diligent Practice, chiefly with one Eye which inclined a little to the opposite Side. Nevertheless, like other Beauties, she strove to display all her Fires and exert her sparkling Charms. Her Mouth, which was of an uncommon Width, she had the Art of contracting, so that when she smil'd, it look'd like a Purle wrinkled up, and
drawn

drawn close together. The only Thing which hindred her from appearing with a graceful majestick Air, was (I remember) a kind of Hillock or Hump, rising too much upon her right Shoulder, which caus'd a Curve below, which, to nice Judges, affords not the most delicate *Symmetry* of Shape. Notwithstanding this, she wanted not her Charms; and I might have been captivated thereby, had I not been already pre-engaged by those of the blooming *Betty*.

My Mistress now having a violent Jealousy of her Husband and Mrs. *Betty*, and perceiving uncommon Familiarity between them, yet not daring to take either of them to task about it, employed me to search after the Truth, and discover Mrs. *Betty's* Secrets; promising to give me all Opportunities possible of entertaining and conversing with her alone; which indeed to me was Bread and Butter.

WHEN the Family had Visits to make, or sup abroad, my Mistress always in-

formed me; as also to what House they went, that I might the more conveniently execute my Designs at home with *Betty*, to whom I made a Discovery of all. She was thunder-struck at the mention of it; but finding the Trap which was laid for her, was of her own baiting, she threw off all Surprise and became very calm and satisfied. However she was determined to leave the House as soon as possible, and retire for some time in the Country; (as indeed 'twas high time) for she was loaden with an improving Cargo of a young *Puritan*. A few Days after, feigning an Illness, she privately informed her Master of the present State of Affairs; that she propos'd going into the Country in order to conceal her Pregnancy, desiring at the same time, he wou'd (for his own Character) advance as much Money as wou'd defray her Expences; well-knowing that the heaviest Purse must pay the PIPER. Next Day she took an Opportunity of acquainting her Mistress that she did not enjoy her Health in
Town,

Town, begging leave to go into the Country for a few Months for the Benefit of the Air; assuring her 'twas from no Dissatisfaction she desired to leave the Family. The Plan being thus laid, to put a Mask upon Suspicion, the whole Family agreed to the Separation. Accordingly about a Week after, she set out in a Stage-Coach with twenty Guiners in her Pocket, which Mr. *Vellumite* gave her, with a Promise of more when that was exhausted.

'Tis a common Saying in *England* and *Ireland*, "God's Lambs will play"; that is, with a little Addition, they will play the Devil when they get together. This I have had several Opportunities of observing performed with a Witness; especially among whole Herds of loving People who stile themselves Itinerant Preachers, who make very free with each others Bodies, for the Salvation of their Souls, and who apply outward fleshy Cata-

plasms to remedy inward spiritual Indispositions, just by that Part whereon we lay hot Trenchers for the Cholic. One wou'd think they heard the *Frenchman* preach, who, according to the Idiom of his Language, asserted, That Whoredom and Adultery were defended by the Scripture, (meaning quite the reverse) By this Time the Reader, is full of Indignation, and not a little surprized, that even an *Irishman* cou'd have the wicked Assurance to carry on such detestable Practices under the specious Veil of the most purified Religion. But let me whisper a Word or two, gentle Reader! and desire thee to consider patiently, that altho' I've been bad enough in this ghostly Errantry, yet not a whit worse than the rest. Nay, I can prove that I have been better and more sincere. For I have often carried *Ovid* in my Pocket as my Testament, and have quoted him as one of the Fathers of the first Age, and have found plainly there, that
wearing

wearing a Disguise, and playing such Tricks as my Master and I did, was not disagreeable to the Divinity of those Times.



C H A P. VII.

The History of the Beautiful Marina.

BOCCALINI, in his Advices from *Parnassus* gives us an Order from *Apollo* for a general Reformation of the World: the Seven Wise Men of *Greece* and other learned Sages, are appointed to consult about the proper Ways and Means to put this Order most effectually in Execution. *THALES* the *Milesian* speaks first, and thinks he has discovered an Antidote against our Corruptions, *viz.* for all People to follow Truth and throw off Hypocrisy; that is to say, conceal'd Hate and dissembled Love, the Treachery of Double-dealers cover'd over with the specious Cloak of Simplicity and Sanctity. *SOLON*'s Opinion was, To come to a new Partition in the World, and give ev'ry Man his Share in it. *CHILO* was entirely for setting aside the Use of Gold and Silver, for which

which Men hunger, thirst, and commit all manner of Wickedness. But to this was objected, the great Benefit they are of to Society when rightly applied. So that no Alteration was made in that point, but the following : That the Refiners should be obliged for the time to come, to cleanse those Metals thoroughly from that Vein of Turpentine which is in them, and makes 'em stick to the Fingers of certain great Men.

PITTACUS thought the World wou'd be hugely mended if no Man was to enter the Palace of Dignities, Honours and Rewards, but by the Door of Merit and virtuous Labour. At last

BIAS got up and spoke : When cursed Ambition and Avarice in Princes, (as he observ'd) had set one Nation to invade the Provinces and Properties of another ; from hence arose these innumerable Ills that spread 'emselves over all the inferior Sort of Men. Wherefore he wou'd have all Commerce and
Navi-

Navigation stopt, all Ships of War and Trade burnt, and all Bridges 'twixt one Country and another to be broke down, and never re-built.

O SAGE *Greeks* and profound Adepts! What fine Schemes have ye laid down, cou'd they with ease be follow'd! Rare Politicians indeed! but with your leave and kind Indulgence, Gentlemen of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, if I may presume, after these Worthies, to deliver my Opinion on this important Subject, and may be allowed to speak my Sentiments freely, as FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, a Subject of King *George*, and not as one of the Wise-Men of *Greece*, you shall have 'em presently, and in as few Words as I can.

I do suppose that 'twou'd be greatly conducive to the Advantage, Strength, Honour and Happiness of these Nations in particular, if His Majesty and the Parliament wou'd prosecute their Endeavours to banish enirely that most abominable

ble Itch of *Gaming*, so epidemical and destructive to the Subjects of His Majesty of *Great-Britain*. Wagers and Betts, Oaths, tricking and bamboozling, are the Words now in Use, instead of those happier Topics of the Ancients, *viz.* Trophies, Glory, Religion, Learning, Hospitality, &c. Where now a-days are to be found People eminent at the same Time both for Wealth and Worth? Unless, as Mr. *Pope* observes, Wealth and Worth be synonymous Terms? Where are our Patriots and the Patrons of the Liberal Sciences? the Lovers of their Country and the Lovers of Learning? Where resides now that brightest of Goddesses, *Liberty*, which was wont to adorn the *British* Name. Alas! great *Liberty* scorns and detests to dwell with a Nation of Coxcombs. Corruption, Dulness and Slavery commonly herd together. What, pray is the Difference between a Gentleman and his Servant? The Man in Embroidery and Gold Lace, and the Man in Motley and a lac'd Hat! They are commonly ignorant alike, equally debauch'd
and

and prophane; both Gamesters alike, and great Critics at the Gaming table. Travellers have remark'd of the polite *Chinese* Nation, that Gaming was in a great measure the Occasion of their bearing a foreign Yoke, and being trod upon by their Nighbours. So universal was the cursed Custom among 'em, that no Visits cou'd any where be made, but the Cards and Dice immediately were brought forth; and so while ev'ry one was amus'd and embarrassed with the Uncertainty of his Affairs, and Casualties at Play, the public Welfare and Security was neglected; the Mandarins themselves played; the People were loaded with Taxes—to be played for: the Enemy takes the advantage, and the whole Nation is sold.

BOCCALINI, I remember, in the Book before quoted, makes a magnificent Entry into the *Parnassus* of *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*. What was most admir'd in the Cavalcade, was his Device of a Pen in the royal Banner; by which, as Historians fully evince, he had

in

in *France* and other Places, wrought more Ruin and Destruction than his Father *Charles* the fifth had been able to do with almost all the Cannon of *Europe*. Just so Vice, with the Dice box in her Hand, has done far more Destruction to these Nations than all the Artillery of *France*. If I shou'd say, that our No——y and Gentry make a Jest of religious Worship, very seldom appear at Church, and even then, with a seeming Uneasiness; yet that these very People have the Patience to sit several Hours together at the Rehearsal of Nonsense in a foreign Tongue, and hearing Nonsense from one another at a Tavern, Gaming-table, &c. whilst their Ladies are fretting, tearing and swearing at Cards, in different scandalous Companies: if I shou'd, I say, relate these Things seriously; I'm afraid People in the Country might suspect the Veracity of my whole History, and suppose these, my authentic Memoirs, not to be ev'ry Syllable Truth, and none other than the Truth. I shall therefore only observe, that the Man who neglects the Happiness

ness of his Family for a Game at Cards, will never have so much Regard for the Success of his Country and Prince, as for his own at Gaming: and that Lady who will lose great Sums of Money at Cards, will lose——any thing.

Thus have I, like *Sallust*, made a long Introduction to a short History, wherein I intend to give an unhappy Instance that such as please may follow his Example, and make the same *Exit*.——



C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

HAVING arriv'd at the long-wished-for Period of my seven Years Servitude, and entered upon the twenty-second of my Age, I propos'd to myself a few Weeks Pleasure and Diversion in the Country ; so set out for *Drogheda* (remarkable in History for that great and memorable Siege in King *James's* Reign) where I had some particular Acquaintance There I beheld the Chrystal Tears of the beautiful *Marina*, the Detail of whose Misfortunes I am going to relate.

For sure that perjur'd Wretch can never
 prove
 Just to his Friend, who's faithless in his
 Love.

POMPHRET.

In a small but very neat Mansion-house, lived a Widow-Gentlewoman of singular Merit, descended from a Family
 rather

ther ancient than rich; whom Fortune was pleas'd to place in a Mediocrity so happy as rendered her Circumstances above Contempt, and at the same time below Envy; whilst her Prudence and easy Behaviour commanded the Respect of the whole Neighbourhood. An only Daughter she had, by Name MARINA, who was not only the Delight of her fond Mother, but captivated all who knew her: in whose tender Years were discovered the early Dawnings of a fine Soul; her natural Charms being improv'd by the Advantage of a polite Education, Virtue and Piety confirm'd in her Breast by the continued Inculcations and Care of a tender Mother; adorn'd as she was with refin'd Sentiments and a graceful Elocution, with a most beautiful Person and an exquisite Taste, it may seem no Wonder she shou'd have a great many Admirers: Among the rest was a young Gentleman from *Cheshire*, possess'd with a plentiful Fortune which some time before had fallen to him by the Death of his Uncle, an Alderman of———The handsome

some Estate, but rather the affected Behaviour of this *English* Stranger induced the Mother of *Marina* to encourage his Pretensions, to the cruel Disappointment of some worthy Gentlemen in that Neighbourhood. POLYDOR, (for that was the Name of our *Cheshire* Lover) had no disagreeable Person, a good Share of Wit and good Humour, with a particular Knack of Dissembling: He appear'd to the old Lady as free from all the common Vices of Youth as his Understanding exceeded his Years. In the Village he bore the Semblance of a prudent and virtuous young Gentleman; but his real Character was this.

POLYDOR was one of those Sparks who value themselves upon the Knowledge of the Town, as they call it; and fix the Centre of their Happiness there; who scorn to tie themselves up to the Rules of Honour, and even slight the Reputation of being honest, in Comparison of being thought Wits. To this Character, such as he, sacrifice their Ease,

Ease, Advantage, Health and ev'ry true and valuable Satisfaction of Life. For this, the Nobleman and Gentleman degrade themselves to the Level of Sharpers and Persons obnoxious to the Law; tho' naturally Cowards, and greedy of insinuating themselves into the Favour of those whom they intend to deceive. By Dissimulation they affect to appear generous and brave; but are commonly great Liars and perjur'd Villains. In short they are——

HIS Father having the Misfortune to be a younger Brother was left in slender Circumstances, a Gentleman with a poor Estate, who being so generous as to marry a poor Country-Girl without a Portion, brought on himself these Inconveniencies and Evils which shorten'd his Life. BERTRAND, the elder Brother, continued to live a Batchelor, and took an invincible Antipathy to the married Couple, supposing his younger Brother had disgrac'd the Family, by marrying beneath himself. Upon this, he not only

only forbad him his House, and refus'd all Commerce of kind Offices and brotherly Affection ; but openly and avowedly did him all the Disservice in his Power, and secretly with his Enemies helped to bring about his Ruin. The unhappy Father of *Polydore* took this ill-Usage to heart, sicken'd and died. He left this only Child and his Widow in confus'd and distressed Circumstances. As for the unrelenting *Bertrand* he never cou'd be prevailed upon to see her ; all that he wou'd consent to do for her, was to settle the Affairs of the Family, and sending her away to her Father's Farm-house, allowed her a yearly Pension from the shipwreck'd remains of a slender Estate. POLYDORE was his Darling : Whatever natural Affection was wanting to the Father was abundantly made up to the Son : his Bowels yearn'd for the helpless Infant ; he took him home and nourish'd him with a Profusion of Tenderness. POLYDORE was to have his own Way in every thing ; none of the Servants durst chide or contradict him ;

his Play-fellows were obliged to submit to his Humour and cringe to him like a Lillyputian Tyrant. As he grew up he had several Schoolmasters yet profited very little, for the Child was not to be roughly treated. At length the careful Uncle, who had been scraping together all he cou'd for his Favourite Nephew, with a view of encreasing the Fortune he design'd to leave him, sent away the hopeful Youth to the Inns of Court to study the Law. Accursed Trade! the disgrace of *England*! horrible Academy! fatal Thirst for ill-got Riches! Here it was that young Master laid the foundation for his future Ruin. As he was plentifully supplied with Money, so he quickly met with a parcel of clever Companions to spend it; but above all, he thought it his peculiar Happiness to be very intimate with the witty and polite Lord ANSER. With this honourable Rake he pass'd away most of his Time, and learn'd to lose his Money very genteely. Well known was POLYDORE at ev'ry Gaming-house and at many a Scri-

vener's,

vener's, always eagerly hunting for Money, and as eagerly squandering it away. His Uncle, quite tired with his frequent Remittances and POLYDORE's various Accidents and Excuses, sends him a Letter, that on such a Day he intended to make him a Visit at his Chambers. Our Spark was thunderstruck at the News, and besides his Creditors grew very pressing, and a good Stock of the Ready was quite necessary to stop their Bawlings and so forth. He ponder'd now seriously the Situation of his Affairs and met with several Things in his Meditations which gave him no small Uneasiness: to bed he went very moody, Sleep had not for many Minutes clos'd his Eyes till he dream'd a fine Beau softly drew the Curtains, looking full at him in the Posture of *Hogarth's* Beau; and whisper'd to him that *Lord Anser*, *Sir Harry* and *'Squire Ramble* were to be at the Opera to-morrow night. Meet your Uncle and blast a little Gun-powder in his Face, rat him. Early in the Morning, our learned Student finding his Rest disturb'd and his

Breast full of Perplexities, came to a sudden Resolution; so getting up far sooner than usual, he loaded his Pistols, took Horse and marched off on full Gallop—to meet his Uncle. They met together at about twenty Miles distance from LONDON.

POLYDORE being disguis'd, and having his Heart harden'd with the Thoughts of Play, shot the loving Uncle on the High-road, travelling without a Servant to save Expences. Gaming is a dreadful Vice, especially in such as are any way entrusted with our Liberties, which I cannot pass over in Silence. A Man that will venture his Estate, will venture his Country, were the latter in his Power. He who is mad enough to commit his ALL to the Chance of a Dye, or a Cut at Cards, is like to prove but a faithless Guardian of his Family, or the public Affairs. 'Tis a Jest and something worse in a Man who flings away his Fortune thus, to pretend any regard for the Good of Mankind; his Actions

give

give his Words the lie ; he sacrifices his own Happiness, that of his Family and Posterity to a Sharper or an Amusement ; and by doing so, shews himself utterly destitute of common Prudence and natural Affections, an Encourager and Example of the most destructive Corruption. Yet after all, he'll talk ridiculously of Zeal for the Welfare of his Country ; when he has reduced himself to one Morsel of Bread, he'll easily be persuaded to relinquish his Wretchedness and accept of the meanest Bribe. Who wou'd trust their Property with one who cannot so much as keep his own ? The same vicious Imbecility of Mind which makes a Man a Fool to himself, will make him a Knave to others. So that this wicked Proneness to Play, which is only the wicked Act of undoing and being undone, cuts off every Man who is possess'd with it, from all Pretence either to Honesty or Capacity : for an honest Man and a Gamester is a Character big with Absurdity and Danger.—'Twere to be wish'd that Gamesters and Gaming

were attended with Expulsion and Degradation in ev'ry Office whether civil or military. But let us leave this Digression and proceed. The Country-people were presently in an Uproar, hue and cry sent out, and wise Men were called together to give their Opinions concerning the Murder. The next Evening the News was brought up to *London* to the Nephew, his Heir, as he sat engaged at Cards with a choice Party, who all with great Joy and Transport congratulated him on the happy Occasion. Now *Polydore* was become his own Master, and Lord of a considerable Estate which he continu'd to dip into pretty handsomely before his Mourning was grown old: and among other Rambles, propos'd to accompany a young *Irish* Gentleman to *Dublin* and spend one Winter there with him at his Father's House. They came together; the old Gentleman was prodigiously taken with this excellent Youth who displayed a large Fund of good Sense with good Breeding. He was over-joyed that his Son had met with so valuable a Friend; was proud of

his

his Acquaintance and introduc'd him to all his Relations and intimate Cronies. One unlucky Day the old Gentleman went about some Affairs to *Drogheda*, with Intention of paying a Visit to the Mother of the lovely *Marina*; he took *Polydore* along with him; *Marina* appear'd so very beautiful that the old Gentleman cou'd not help complimenting her on the Force of her Charms, which seem'd to have a sudden Effect on his *English* Friend. *Polydore* indeed was no longer free, his Heart was presently beset with Chains of Adamant; from that Moment he devoted himself to the charming Conqueror; he resolv'd to marry her; nor was this Affair difficult to be brought about. His handsome Estate, as I said before, the Recommendations and high Encomiums of the old Gentleman, together with his own seeming Modesty and sweet Disposition, prevail'd with the fond Mother to prefer him before all his Rivals; and *Marina*, wholly governed by her Judgment, gave her Hand to the happy Lover.

POLYDORE had not been long an Husband, when the God of Love retiring from his Breast, he seem'd to have given Admittance to the very Devil. He grew surly and proud, haughty and profligate; passing whole Days and Nights with riotous Associates of both Sexes. The Person of *Marina* he now view'd with Indifference or Neglect, spurn'd at her Endearments and Entreaties, and laughed at her Tears.

Who can express the Surprise and Anguish of Soul, which immediately seized the Mother of *Marina*, whose uncommon Tendernefs for her Child obliged her to the highest sympathetic Concern in all her Interests; and now particularly pierc'd her Breast with most severe Reflection, since by her Persuasions the fatal Marriage had been determined, and complied with by the most dutiful of Daughters.

ALL

ALL the Neighbourhood resounded with mournful Exclamations, with compassionate Wishes for the unfortunate Fair, and with loud Upbraidings and direful Curses upon the abandon'd POLYDORE, who not content with only insulting her Person, basely endeavour'd to traduce her unsullied Character. The younger Friend from *Dublin* came to intercede, to reconcile, to make up the unexpected Breach, and to warn his beloved *Englishman* to beware of some Companions who were known to be mean Sharpers. The other takes every thing in dudgeon, assumes insolent Airs, gives very gross Affronts, all which his Friend bore with astonishing Patience, mindful of their former Intimacy; till being upbraided with Cowardice, he with much Regret accepted a Challenge. When they came together next Morning, this faithful Friend began to adjure POLYDORE to lay aside all his Resentment, and with Coolness, to consider the Grounds of the Quarrel. 'Twas to no Purpose, Reason and Humanity resided not in

F. 5

him,

him, who drawing his Sword, prepared to engage, and laid his Antagonist on the Ground weltering in his Blood, before any Assistance could come near.

UPON this he was obliged to abscond, and shortly after he fled to *England*, pursued ev'ry where by the Relations of the wounded Gentleman, with a direful Thirst of Revenge, till they got account that he was in a hopeful Way of Recovery, and desired earnestly, as they regarded his Peace and Satisfaction of Mind, that they wou'd give *Polydore* no further Trouble. The unrelenting Wretch went again to *London*, play'd roundly with his old Companions, got acquainted with another *Englisch* Lord of the true modern Stamp, who helped to make him more polite than ever.

HE frequently won pretty large Sums, and very often lost greater, and never once cou'd find leisure time enough to write to his poor *Marina* 'till his Creditors had seiz'd him; his first Letter

was

was dated from the Prison; ev'n this the faithful Wife receiv'd with Tears of Joy; forgetting all his ill Usage, and rejoicing that she had it in her power to assist and oblige him; she sold a great Part of her Plate, and with what Ready-money she had, or could readily procure, she made up a considerable Sum, which was sent to him by a trusty Messenger: Instead of returning home, as she expected, he continued to follow his old Schemes of restoring his sunk Fortune by a lucky Hit, 'till his Estate wou'd afford no more Play-money.

WHEN the honest Labourer felt the Benefit of balmy Sleep, when the puzzled Statesman had dozed over his profound Negotiations, neither Court Lady, nor Hackney Punk were stirring, old Lucifer was awake, he laid hold on the nice Opportunity and appear'd again to the lost Rake, but in the Shape of an old gouty Alderman. Hum! says old Crafty, I profess I'd do any thing in the World to serve so fine a Gentleman and

my very good Friend, but I vow and declare I'm forry, as Matters go—— and yet, as I have so great a regard for you, if the old Woman were but out of the way——aye, there's the rub; I have indeed at present a comfortable Sum by me (here he squeez'd a heavy greasy Purse) and Land Security is as much as I desire; as for Interest, I'll be as moderate as any conscientious Citizen within the Bills of Mortality; so that if she were sent a packing, the Estate becomes your own: however, you may depend upon all the Service in my power. Sir, I have the Honour to be your most faithful, obedient, humble Servant,

Exit Lucifer.—

MARINA was now become a Mother, nor cou'd a more charming little Creature be seen than her first-born Infant, whom she named *Narcissa*; the News of which could not still influence the ungrateful POLYDORE to revisit his own home. The distressed Mother pin'd with incessant Grief; I beheld her pearly Tears
and

and almost melted at her disconsolate Looks. Going to visit her one Day, with a female Acquaintance, I found her wearing a quite different Aspect, serene and open, with ineffable Smiles of Joy sparkling in her Eyes. The old Gentlewoman too seemed a great deal younger, receiving us with a Serenity of Soul, which she had been too long a Stranger to. 'Twas visible to us that Dame FORTUNE had averted her Frowns, and was at length become propitious to the Family: We were not kept long in Suspence; MARINA informed us of POLYDORÉ'S Arrival at *Dublin*; how much he was grown a Convert to Virtue; how affectionately he wrote to her "that she might expect him home in the Evening". But Heaven itself, continu'd she, seems pleas'd with the fortunate Reconciliation, and has given me an emblematical Prospect of our future Happiness. Last Night (she continued) as I was fallen asleep, after an uneasy Meditation, methought I was suddenly conveyed to the Banks of the River *Styx*, where I saw the Boat
and

and the Ferryman as described in *Dryden's* Virgil. Numbers of Ghosts were crowding around, of Generals, Priests, old Men, Infants and unmarried Virgins: I saw there the Myrtle-shades, the solemn Retreat of unhappy Lovers. At which as I stood gazing and admiring the grand Forms of ancient Heroins; *Charon* cries out, hold! soho! here's one that's not yet tasted of the oblivious Water, lead her to the River and present this mourning Lady with a Cup full, whereof this old Gentlewoman too must have a Part. At this I, turning about, beheld my Mother coming to me; we follow'd our Guide and drank a large Cup of that blessed Water between us; we were immediately transported to the most charming Scenes that ever Eye beheld; the Sky itself was so clear and moderate that it inspir'd us with exquisite Pleasure; the balmy Gales ravish'd the Sense; the Plains were cover'd with a vast Profusion of beautiful Flowers; the Trees afforded a mix'd Abundance
or

AND POLLYANA. III

of Fruits and Blossoms: the shady Arbours seem'd dress'd by the Hands of the Graces.

HERE she was interrupted, somebody knocking at the Door; 'twas POLYDORE, the long lost POLYDORE. I shall not attempt to describe their mutual Joys——The very next Morning at Breakfast, *Marina's* Mother thought her Coffee tasted very odly; *Marina* taking the Dish was of the same Opinion, after she'd drank Part, laying the Fault upon the Sugar. They both grew very sick, and in about an Hour's Space, expired. POLYDORE was seiz'd upon Suspicion and committed to Prison; an Apothecary of *Dublin* discover'd his having bought some Poison upon a different Pretence. An ignominious Death appearing unavoidable, the despairing Culprit made use of a small Cord and became immortal. The Game was up, his last Stake gone.

WIFE

WIFE, MOTHER, UNCLE, fall'n a
Sacrifice,
The wretched Caitiff curses God and
dies.

As to the Unreasonableness of this
Deed, the World generally talk very
hard, and not without a just Founda-
tion.

“ Can a Man be tir'd of Life because
“ 'tis the Farce play'd over and over;
“ it argues great Ignorance, since Na-
“ ture can afford a wise Man eternal
“ Entertainment. If the Happy wou'd
“ rush to Death the Moment they cease
“ to be so, they'd behave most un-
“ grateful to Providence, which had so
“ long favour'd them; if the perfectly
“ Unhappy fly to Death for a Cure of
“ their Misfortunes, they mistrust the
“ Goodness of the Almighty, and fru-
“ strate the very End of Adversity, which
“ is only a Visitation of our Follies, or
“ to awake us to Virtue. But nothing
“ can be more trifling than to call this
Madness,

“Madness, Bravery; or to esteem it
 “Courage to die rather than suffer Pain
 “or Shame; he who acts this is no
 “better than a Coward; he flies from
 “the Enemies he has made to Honour.
 “He that shortens his Days to avoid
 “Difficulties, is abundantly less brave
 “than he who behaves with Resolution
 “under them, suiting his Mind to his
 “Condition.”



C H A P. IX.

LOVE *and* a PUDDING.

WHEN the inimitable Author of *Don Quixotte* first took it into his Head to write a new History for the Amazement and Entertainment of his Countrymen ; he did not propose to himself to employ their vacant Hours with Scenes of Mirth and Humour only, or the deep Stratagems of Lovers, and the surprizing Decrees of Fate ; but in the general Scope of his Work, as well as in every particular Part and Epifode, he aim'd chiefly at rectifying their Mistakes, popular Errors and Absurdities, improving their Virtues, encouraging and recommending a reasonable Valour, a passionate Love for their Country, and setting in a desirable Light the Charms of Piety and true Honour : He, if any, had the admirable Talent of mixing the useful with the pleasant.

THE *French* Imitator, Monsieur *Scarron* has been far less happy in his comical Romance, in which we find indeed an agreeable Vein of Humour, with entertaining Novels.——The instructive Part he forgot. Now if any Person or Persons shou'd be so inquisitive, or shou'd have a little Patience so as to enquire of the Bookseller, or any body else, before these my Memoirs are perused, what this same *Barbareffa* is driving at in his main Design? before I proceed any further, I think it not amiss to inform such reasonable Enquirers and candid Readers, that I am not so vain as to be induced by any Persuasions, to put in Print the low Occurrences of my own Life, had they not been intermixed with the strange Pranks, Extravagancies and Delusions of others who have made such a ridiculous Bustle thro' *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, without any Fear of Bedlam, or the Laws, whether divine or human.

BUT to return where I left off. A gentle Nymph sat by me at a Visit I made

made to a Lady in *Drogheda*, where the Discourse turn'd chiefly upon the Misfortunes of MARINA. The charming POLLYANA was extremely severe upon the many frequent Misconducts and corrupt Morals of our Sex; she thought Men's Hearts were surely made of Flint, and cou'd by no means persuade herself, that they were endued with Tenderness, and such natural Affection as those of the feminine World, whom they look'd upon as born in Subjection to them the LORDS of the Universe. I gazed for some time without speaking. A strange convulsive Motion shook my Nerves and lock'd my Tongue from Utterance. At last I recovered Presence of Mind enough to make the following Speech. "I must confess I regard a Woman (and I think not undeservedly, as the most finish'd Piece of the Creator's Work on Earth: one in particular there is who appears to me more like an Angel than any thing I ever yet beheld (here I bowed to POLLYANA, who blush'd in a most ravishing Manner)

but

but as to outward Excellence, it must universally be granted, that Woman is made in a more admirable and beautiful Frame than Man. Looking alone will be convincing Proof; and where the radiant Eye, the jetty Tresses, a nice Symmetry of Shape and Elegance of Person with a handsome Set of Features are combin'd, even savage Animals will be struck with Admiration and Delight. How much more the Man, whose Breast is capable of a generous Flame. If we consider the Difference of Tempers and Dispositions, we plainly perceive the Advantage to lie on the female Side. Women are more prone to Compassion, Charity and Benevolence than Men; Objects of Cruelty are by them regarded with Horror; sweet Mercy is their darling, and Chastity their natural Virtue. In Conclusion, the fairest Copy of the most amiable divine Attributes is to be found in the Heart of Woman. Men are designed of a more robust Make, to undergo Labour and Fatigue: to them are given Strength, Courage, Resolu-
tion

tion and Patience, in order to the Protection and Support of the softer and finer Sex. Happy Mankind, were these Talents always used as by Providence design'd, and not unnaturally perverted to the Ruin and Destruction of defenceless Beauty! Was Man steady to his own real Interest, Woman wou'd make him happier by abundance than all his vain and rambling Schemes are able ever to effect."

HERE I ceas'd and met with loud Applause from the whole Company, as being almost the only Man found to speak the Truth in these degenerate Days. When our Entertainment was over, and the Company separating, I had the Pleasure of waiting upon the adorable POLLYANA to her Lodgings, which I then esteem'd as the greatest Happiness that ever beset me. I was invited to Breakfast with her next Day, along with the same Ladies who had made up our *Belle Assemblée* that Afternoon.

SLEEP

SLEEP with his leaden Weights cou'd not seal mine Eyes, nor gloomy Night with her Raven Wings exclude POLLYANA from my Imagination and wakeful Thoughts. I tumbl'd about in my Bed restless, and finding fault with my Pillow, as if Pins had been stuck there, at last I began this nocturnal Dialogue with mine own self.

SO HO ! Mr. BARBAROSSA, by your leave, pray, what's the Meaning of this Change with you to-night ? Is it because you've lent a Sum of Money upon a Bond ? or have you engag'd in a Law-suit and fee'd a roguish Attorney ? or, are you contriving Schemes to fill your Bags and cheat your Neighbours with Promises and Vows ? No : that's not the Matter, Friend. What are the Courtiers grown honest and pay their Debts ? Is the Pope turn'd Lutheran, or the *French* out-witted by *English* Policy, and so you're afraid Doom'sday must be near at hand ? none of these Things in truth give me the least Dis-

turb-

disturbance at present. Then you've forgot to say your Prayers; Pshaw! No such Thing; I wish then you may lie well, my Friend! Don't you think you have got the Head-ach? Hungary-Water they say is good for it. Or, have you perhaps, caught an Ague? Caught an Afs. No, I tell you, I believe I've caught a *Tartar*; the Fair *Circassian* for that, and All for Love——Hungary-Water may be very useful to fine Ladies on certain Occasions, and to take the Grease off the Kitchen-Wench on Sunday Afternoons; but to me 'tis of no Manner of Service at present. Heigh ho! nay then I smooke the Business. You have got a dangerous Wound that does not oft kill People, and yet is not to be cured by any Water that can be bought at the Apothecary's; you must seek a Balsam elsewhere, for that unlucky Urchin Master *Cupid* has given you a devilish Thump on the Stomach that will make you eat very little Breakfast. In the mean time compose thyself as well as thou canst; turn yourself over on the other Side,

Side, and meditate on the absent fair one, like the famous *Don Quixotte*, or the grand CYRUS.

Just as we were inform'd in the DUBLIN ALMANACK, that the glorious Planet *Sol*, at a quarter past Four, rais'd his gilded Countenance above the watry World, darting his Beams alike on the Farmer's Barn and the King's Palace; the feather'd Choristers of the Grove begun their early Matins, and the People who cared not to keep their Beds any longer got up. As for me, I took a Walk into the flow'ry Meadows, making my Complaint to the Echo, to the purling Streams and shady Groves, and already began to cut the Name of POLLYANA in the tender Bark. Sometimes I was lifted up to the Skies with flattering Hopes, when on a sudden a Whisk of Despair comes like a Bullet and lays me on the Ground again as flat as a Flounder.

I had pass'd some Hours in musing,
contriving and perplexing my Thoughts,

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when

when I recollected it was time to wait on the Lady ; so I hurried me home, dress'd in a Moment, and went to her Lodgings ; there I found the fair Society ready to regale themselves with the talkative Liquor, which commonly inspires the female Tongue with *Tittle-Tattle*, dearly-beloved Scandal, News of Toys, Marriages, Plays, China-ware, Rambles and Ridottos. POLLYANA told me I came very opportunely ; for they had all been engag'd on a common Topic, Love, but cou'd not agree upon what *English* Author had been the best Philosopher in expressing or describing that soft Passion : they desired therefore my Opinion, and wou'd be very glad to hear my Sentiments upon that Subject. I answer'd, The *English* Writers, as far as I cou'd judge of 'em, excell'd in expressing all the other Passions of the human Breast, in their Poetry, excepting this one. That ev'n the Songs compos'd by the Inamorato's were commonly trifling or unnatural, void of the Spirit and Simplicity of a *Sappho* ; in
which

which the Nation was perhaps first misled by Dr. *Donne* and *Cowley*; and afterwards by *Dryden* and the Wits of K. *Charles's* Reign. However, tho' the Tendernefs of the wounded Heart is what they have not fucceded in, yet they have hit on a *Naivettée*, or humourous Representation of the Influence of Love in a Manner peculiar to themselves. Of that I cou'd give some Instances, but shall refer the Reader to consult their Works.

'Tis observ'd by the *French*, that on the *English* Stage the Lovers speak only like Poets, but not exprefs't in such a manner as if the Passion were really felt. Herein I cannot altogether agree with these Critics; for *Otway*, *Southern* and others have writ with a natural and inimitable Tendernefs; only they've all been a little too negligent, so that one Part is not equal to another. In Prose, the Authors of the *Spectators* have been very cunning in dissecting, as it were, this Passion, as some others have been in discoursing gravely upon it. I be-

lieve I have in my Table-books some Remarks *a-propos*.

“ TRUE Love is a just Propensity between two Souls, naturally noble and generous. Of all the Passions of the Mind it is the most extraordinary, and of an Efficacy superior to all the rest, to which the Souls of Mortals are subject. 'Tis arbitrary in Power, despotic in Will, and unlimited in its Bounds, neither will admit of any Competitor; 'tis wonderful in its Effects, and of a Nature unaccountable: It is justly compar'd to Light, which every body sees, but few can tell what to make of it; 'tis grounded on Sympathy or Similitude, and is the most agreeable Pain in Life, 'tis produc'd by the first Operation of the Understanding alone, without the Help of Judgment or Discourse: and to consider it in an abstracted Light, nakedly and of itself, it differs from the Desire, as the Cause does from the Effect; not but that Desire may take birth after or from Love, but that Production is a Mark
of

of their essential Difference; and that Desire being born of Love is indeed an Effect of Love, and not Love itself. As for Instance, we love a Thing because of its Beauty, and then we desire it because we love it. So before the Birth of Desire, Love had subsisted with her; and by many Accidents Desire may die without Love's being extinct, and such as confound these two Passions deprive the first of its Nobleness, and form a Knowledge hereof within themselves more gross and material than its Nature suffers; seeing Love of itself is a Passion absolutely pure, exclusive of all Motives of Interest whatsoever, and is ever finding new Charms in its beloved Objects, which still preserves and adds more Fuel to the encreasing Flame, while its Votaries are generally lull'd into the most pleasing Fancies and extatic Raptures, by the continual Hopes of enjoying the Sum of all their Wishes.

SEEING this Passion is thus represented as a soft Torment, a bitter Sweet,

a pleasing Pain and an agreeable Distress, nothing can be more natural than joining the Pleasure and the Pain together, for 'tis certain none other Passion produceth such contrary Effects in so great a Degree, and to strike Love out of the Soul, wou'd be to render Life insipid, and our Being but half animated; since they have never said to have lived who have not been influenc'd by this noble Passion. Human Nature would sink into Deadness and Lethargy, if not quickned by the active Principles of Love; for it refines the Wit, polishes the Manners, and adds a favourable Relish to Conversation." Here I bow'd to POLLYANA and the rest of the Ladies, who all thanked me with one Voice. One of 'em particularly hinted, That she was sure none but such as had the Theory and Practice of Love cou'd delineate all the Parts of it with such delicate Justness. "Our Dean, says she, whose Wit is as much original as Lord *Dorset's*, I fancy, wou'd have given us an otherwise conceited Description.

tion. Ha, ha! Here I took a Pinch of Snuff. I know the Dean, said I, very well, and have pick'd some Grains of Snuff from his Cassock. He has a very odd turn indeed, and as far excels *Rabelais* in the Droll of Stile, Sharpness of Satire, Fecundity of Wit and Invention, as a *London* BEAU overtops a Monkey. As for the Ladies, he does not seem indeed to be vastly complaisant to them, nor very careful in the Decoration of his Person; he's no Fop Clergyman, smells not of Essences, nor picks his fine Wig with one Finger to display the Lustre of a Diamond-ring: his Songs are writ in Mockery of the modern whining Rhymesters, who stuff so many *Cupids*, *Goddeffes*, *Nymphs*, *Shepherds*, *Flames*, and *Darts* into their gentle Compositions. He has not given us a Pattern of a just Love Ode; but a beautiful Nymph was not a fit Subject for him, he'd rather pitch upon a Broomstick.

Now Ladies, you must know I have a young Kinsman at the College of *Dublin*, who, as he was walking carelessly in *Christ-Church* when Service was begun, the Dean, as was his Custom, comes to his Peep-hole to see how all Things went, who observing this idle Spark, sent to invite him to Dinner. The young Student appear'd at Dinner-time and was courteously receiv'd by the Dean, who sat next to him at Table. Finding my Kinsman to be a Member of the *Dublin* University, he enquir'd a little after his Studies; and as he had no great Business on his Hands (or perhaps the Dean guess'd as much) desired the Favour of a Copy of Verses on a Subject that he lik'd; the other was all Obedience, and ask'd the Name. "That's it, says the Dean, that Pudding there." But first of all, that you may write with a true Taste, let me recommend a Plate full of it to you. After which he spake
a great

a great deal of the Benefit it yielded to the *British* Nation, and bewailed the Luxury of the Times in more Words than I am able at present to recollect.



C H A P. X.

Discovers my Rival—Sets out for Town—Turns Apothecary, bleeds Pollyana's Grandmother—History of Patina's Misfortune; her Father Priest-ridden and a strong Enthusiast—His Death—Leaves Split-Text her Guardian—Traffick falls in love with her and proposes Marriage, but cou'd not obtain her Guardian's Consent—Traffick proposes an Elopement, both agree to it; she becomes pregnant—Traffick kill'd by a Fall from his Horse—The sudden News of his Death causes an Abortion.—Her Return home and Reception.

WITH all the Patience natural to a Man in love, and longing for the promis'd Moment of meeting the lovely Fair, I stumbled into the Company of my Rival, who was by Birth a Frenchman, and a Merchant of Port Louis. Altho' he was double my Age, he had all the Vivacity of that polite Nation, was a Kinsman of POLLYANA's Grandmother, and was the happy Man she

she appointed for an Husband to the lovely Fair. It filled me with Rage of Temper natural to a Man in Love. Distractions scarce came up to what I felt upon this Discovery, however, maugre all Resentment, I bore it with the greatest Patience and Fortitude imaginable.

As Fire often encreases by endeavouring to suppress it, and rages more fiercely, so my Breast consumed the more by Restraint in confining my Tongue from giving the least Umbrage by a Declaration of my Love. POLLYANA did not seem ignorant of my Passion, tho' her native Modesty concealed her Esteem. My ardent Love for her made me find a Sweetness in this Reserve; however, I made a bold Push, resolving to let no Obstacle baulk me in this Enterprize. I wrote a Letter and had it deliver'd into her own Hand by the Maid of the Family, whom I detain'd with the dear prevailing Perquisite, in which I acquainted her of my tender Passion, and begg'd she wou'd

honour me with a few Moments in her Company. Next Day I received the following Letter,

S I R,

I RECEIV'D your Epistle and beg You'll send no more during my stay here; we shall set out for Town this Week to spend the Winter and get the Advice of Physicians for my Grand-mother, who has a watchful Eye over all my Actions, and is as cunning as she is old: But *Kitty* my Maid out-witted her. We shall be at our Lodgings in *Fleet-street*.

I am your humble Servant,

POLLYANA.

I kiss'd the dear Letter a thousand Times, and carefully scann'd every Line, and observed, by not sending any more Letters during her stay in the Country, was highly in my Favour, as the last Line ratified it. I set out next Day for Town and arriv'd some time before them. I walk'd by
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the House all Hours Day and Night, but cou'd see none of the Family. The Sunday following I went to the Parish-Church, and by a Silver Key to the Sexton, was elevated in a front Seat of the Gallery, where I cou'd view the lovely POLLYANA all the Time of Service. A Man born deaf might hear as much of the Sermon, my Eyes, Ears and Heart were all fix'd upon one Point of Optics, that I cou'd behold none but herself. When Sermon was near ended, Heavens declared in my Favour, and pour'd forth a Deluge of Rain which postpon'd their coming out for some time. Thus I embraced the happy Opportunity, and flew with the Wings of Love to POLLYANA's House to engage *Kitty* in my Favour. She appointed an Interview in the Evening, saying the old Lady was to sup abroad, and that she wou'd request POLLYANA to feign an Illness, to frustrate her going with her, and to be punctual to the Hour of seven. I long'd for the Hours to slide away that the happy Minute might approach. I attended at the appointed

Hour,

Hour, when *Kitty* introduc'd me by a Back-door that brought me to the Presence of my dear Charmer. I approach'd her with all the Awe and Reverence due to Heaven alone, declaring the Emotions of my Soul in the most pathetic Expressions that Love cou'd invent, tho' oft check'd by an inward Palpitation between Hope and Despair, behaving with the utmost Modesty and Circumspection. As a just and reasonable Modesty well-placed, does not only recommend a Man, but sets his Talents in a superior Light, like as the Shades of Painting raise or let fall the Figures when placed in a proper View: thus Modesty and Prudence in a Man soften his Character in Address, and are more acceptable to the few discerning Females than the impudent audacious Coxcomb, that tickles their Ears with his Nonsense.

POLLYANA told me 'twas impossible to have frequent Interviews; for if a Mouse did but stir, it wou'd alarm her

Grand-

Grandmother, whose Eyes and Ears were always upon the Watch ; but if I cou'd scrape Acquaintance with Mr. *Blister*, their Apothecary, I might visit the Family as his Foreman. I took the Cue and made good Interest with *Blister*, and soon found him a Man of great Honour, who greatly favour'd me in my Project. I took lodgings at his House and frequently carried Medicines for the old Lady, who always received me with the greatest Marks of good Humour. Thus I carried on an Intrigue without the least Suspicion of the old Lady, or any of the Neighbourhood.

NECESSITY obliged me to make a superficial Study of the *Materia Medica*, which I acquir'd in less than three Months, sufficient to make a good Country Apothecary, in case any Questions were asked of the Virtues, Nature and Operation of such and such Medicines. Thus hard Words and an happy Assurance make the Generation of Quacks. Natural Guilt aw'd me with
great

great Fear lest the old Lady might discover, by my Timidity and Awe in speaking, that Love was the Cause of it, and not natural Modesty. One Day when I was there, the old Lady was taken with fainting Fits, occasion'd by a Decay of Nature. I wrote a Receipt with as much speed as any of the Faculty, without enquiring the Disorder, and sent her Man to the Shop for some Volatile-Drops, &c. which I thought necessary for a Person in a fainting Condition, which however recover'd her pretty well, when to my great Surprise, she desir'd I might take a little Blood from her. I used Arguments that Bleeding was not proper for a Person so weak in Body, and especially to her who was not yet recovered from her sudden Indisposition.

POLLYANA used persuasive Reasoning to frustrate Bleeding at the present, 'till she was better recover'd, but all to no purpose; the old Lady was obstinate and insisted on it that I shou'd perform
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the Operation. I perceiv'd a Blush from POLLYANA and a Smile from *Kitty*, who both agreed the Truth would be out. As I found there cou'd be no getting off, I invoc'd Courage and Impudence to my Aid, and called for a Bandage; having by ill Fortune *Elister's* Case of Instruments in my Pocket, tho' unacquainted with their Use; I bound up her Arm, and the Vein rose very well: Being a mere Skeleton, I prick'd her in an old Orifice and she bled very freely. After I had drawn about eight Ounces of Blood, I slackned the Bandage, wash'd her Arm, and clos'd up the Orifice and bound it up. She observ'd that I did not roll the Bandage the usual Way; I inform'd her, that was a new Way practis'd by the Faculty, and found out by the Academy of *Paris*: the last Lie pleas'd her best of all, being always delighted with any new Thing, so it had but a *French* Name. I order'd the Maid to bring her a Glass of Claret to raise her Spirits, which she drank and slipt Half-a-guinea in my Hand,

Hand, complimenting me with the Character of the best that ever perform'd that Operation upon her. I was glad to get out of the House for Fear of her being bad again; therefore I paid my Compliments and withdrew, after I had slipt into *Kitty's* Hand the old Lady's Present for my Skill in Phlebotomy.

I TOLD *Blister* what had pass'd, and how I came off with flying Colours; next Morning *Blister* paid her a Visit, who told him what an ingenious Artist I was at Bleeding; for (added she) he handled me as tenderly as if my Skin had been made of Cobweb, and 'twou'd add much to his Reputation to retain me in his Service. This was no small Satisfaction to my Patron and to POLLYANA, and had a good Effect to hear me so much commended by her Grandmother. I renewed my Visits for above four Months very frequently, my Design no way discover'd, which gain'd a considerable Share in POLLYANA's Affections. We cou'd read and speak by
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the Eyes, those soft, languishing Indexes of the Soul; the stifled Sighs and Blushes are so many Tatlers of the Heart, neither can they be frustrated or aw'd by Silence. Innumerable are the Ways of discovering true Love; like the Rays of Light when obstructed, they'll find a Chink or Crevice whereby you may see a small Specimen of what is endeavour'd to be concealed. I was possess'd with too sincere a Desire to let these Symptoms pass unremark'd. I view'd with the Eye of Love the Impression I had made in her Breast, not to let the most minute Advantage slip; when once a Heart is subdued with Tendernefs, it is utterly impossible to conceal it, all Efforts are vain.

BEING invited one Evening to stay at Supper, the old Lady discover'd by my Timidity, and the many wishful Glances I cast at POLLYANA, and the unusual Awe which I had in speaking, that Love was the Cause of it: she smell'd a Rat, and was no Novice in
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the important Affairs of Love, notwithstanding all the Care and Endeavours I used to conceal it. She suspected that my Heart was a Sacrifice to Love's Altar, she hit my Case, and said she cou'd see as far into a Millstone as he that pick'd, and modestly begg'd I might desist from making any Addreses to her Grandchild, for she had contracted her to a Kinsman of hers now living in *France*, and left her by Will what she thought might be conducive to make 'em both happy. Madam, (said I) the Man is bless'd that's so happy, with your Consent, to enjoy so fair a Partner; that is a Blessing too great for a Foreigner; a Lady so every way qualified by Nature and Art. I added, 'tis not generous to deprive this Kingdom of so valuable a Jewel, to let a *Frenchman* participate without the least Alloy of Envy. I found she was not pleas'd with my Discourse, and attempted to turn the Topic into another Channel, in order to frustrate all Suspicion, by telling her the Misfortunes of a young Lady, who had
a most

a most amiable Person and Character in the County of ———, and had two thousand Pounds left her by her Father, but on Condition to marry none but whom an old Guardian thought proper, who was a dissenting Minister.

She heard me with a seeming Patience, which gave me a fresh Stock of Courage. I observ'd she liked well to hear of any Fortune or Misfortune of either Sex told her that Youth might learn a Lesson by it.

POLLYANA begg'd I wou'd begin the History, for she was perswaded 'twou'd be agreeable to her Grandmother, and wou'd help to put off the Evening. I inform'd her I had it from the young Lady's own Mouth, to whom I was related; so they might depend upon it as Truth and not Fiction.

A young Lady whose Name was *Patina*, in the County of ——— was look'd upon by all that knew her as a healthful Country Beauty, and of a genteel

teel Education; but like a Diamond in the Earth, none of its Beauty appears 'till the ingenious Artist has polish'd its Surface from Obscurity to its proper Lustre.

PATINA was the Daughter of a wealthy Farmer, who was bless'd in his Nuptials with a Son and her. RUSTICUS was her Father's Name, who was much addicted to the Flights and Ramblings of enthusiastic Bigotry. There's nothing which has the Appearance of Melancholy so much as being in Company with a Man whose Head is fill'd with such groveling Ideas. We pity a Person who by any Accident in Life may have receiv'd a Hurt which has occasion'd a Craziness in the Understanding, whereby the Faculties of Nature are lost; but an indiscreet Fervour in religious Matters, and too intense a Mistake in the Application of these Devotions, betray him into Enthusiasm and all manner of Superstition and Priestcraft. Thus *Rusticus* indulg'd his Thoughts

Thoughts in that growing Passion, so that he was never easy but when he had Mr. *Split-text* in the House with him, who by his frequent Visits gain'd such an Ascendant over *Rusticus*, that whatever he said pass'd as a Law in the Family. Thus was he a Busy-body in every one's Concerns, who under the Cloak of his Function, dived into the Family-Affairs of his whole Congregation. Such Parish-tatlers and Tale-bearers are a Nuisance to Society, they have an insatiable Itching to know other Men's Concerns, tho' of no Use in the World to 'em but to gratify a mean Sensation of coming at things they cannot conceal.

I don't wonder that the vulgar and more illiterate Part of Mankind shou'd be seduced with these specious and false Notions; that they should follow the Example of their spiritual Guides who overstrain their muscular Features and shrivel their Countenance rather into a frightful Merriment than raising the Passions to a devout Frame
of

of Mind. But my Wonder rises higher to see Men of good Fortune and of reputed Understanding led by the Nose, and gull'd by those sable Embassadors.

BUT to return, *Rusticus* being almost worn out with Age and a weak Constitution, was desired by his spiritual Lawyer to make his Will and settle all his temporal Affairs, which next Day was executed in the Presence of *Split-text*. He settled one hundred and ninety Pounds a Year upon his Son, charged with two thousand Pounds as a Portion to *Patina*, which Sum was order'd to be paid upon her Marriage, provided *Split-text* approv'd of the Match, who was left sole Trustee for the two Orphans.

ABOUT six Months after, *Rusticus* was seiz'd with a Palsy which in a few Days cut the Thread of Life and put a Period to her Happiness. As soon as the Funeral was over and the Affairs of her Father were settled, conducive to the Advantage of the two Mino's, *Patina's*

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tina's Guardian gave Orders for her to come and live under his Inspection, in his own House, 'till Opportunity offer'd of changing her Condition. *Patina* was eighteen Years of Age when her Father died, and was admir'd by several young Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood; having a graceful Appearance and comely Face; her Eyes black, sparkling like two Brilliants; the blooming Rose appear'd in her Cheeks, and the lively Coral on her Lips; of a well-shap'd comely Stature, with a Skin like Marble; her long, black, curling Hair playing loosely in wanton Ringlets on her immaculate Neck. In a Word, she was a blooming, healthful, Country Girl.

MR. *Traffick*, a neighbouring Gentleman of a small Estate, made his Addresses to her and was received kindly by her and the old Gentleman in black, and by his constant Visits gain'd a Share in her Affections. *PATINA* made no Objection to his Proposals, tho' he long'd for an Explication from her

H Guardian

Guardian on that Head; he found the Violence of her Desires sufficient to give him an high Idea of her Love. They pass'd some part of ev'ry Day alone, supposing they had nothing to hinder their Blifs but to make known the Affair to her Guardian. *Split-Text* began to suspect a Courtship, and had a watchful Eye upon her Actions, well knowing that Bees cluster most about sweet Flowers.

THE next Day, after Breakfast, she follow'd her old Guardian to his Study, where she unbosom'd her Design with Mr. *Traffick*, begging his Concurrence in that Affair. He gave her for Answer, that it greatly surpriz'd him that a Girl like her shou'd think of a Husband so soon; that 'twas time enough half a Score Years after to have such Thoughts, and I'll chuse (continued he) one more suitable than him you have pitch'd upon: adding, I command you not to engage in Marriage without my Consent, else you shall not have one Penny of your Portion Your Father by his last Will, has left

left the Power absolutely in me to be pleas'd with the Match, and to join you to whom I think proper.

THIS was a terrible Blow to *Patina*. Wisdom was no longer the Conductor of her Passions, she was amaz'd and confounded at what she heard; and after a long Pause, tho' oft interrupted with Sighs, wish'd the Discontent he saw in her were as groundless in reality as it was in Appearance to him; for she was sure, if her Father were living he wou'd not force her to marry contrary to her Inclinations, with whom her Happiness or Misery must ensue. Have I committed (continued she) any one Thing seemingly disagreeable to you, that ev'n Ill-nature itself could accuse of an Error. I am willing to take your Advice in all Things requisite for my future Good; but I expected, from your Friendship with my deceased Father, and your Regard for me, that you'll not counterfeit any Design which you may have in view, that you think tends any how to my Interests.

He answer'd, that in his Opinion, his Nephew, Mr. PURITY wou'd make a better and more suitable Husband for her than Mr. *Traffick*, on whom she had placed her Affections; that he was to succeed him as Minister after his Decease; and that he wou'd initiate good Principles into her, which was her late Father's Design.

PATINA made Answer, with Tears in her Eyes, I beg, Sir, you'll frustrate all Thoughts of that, which is injurious to my Peace of Mind. I cannot love him, my Heart is in Possession of another; I demand nothing but what's consistent with the strictest Virtue, which you ought to cultivate, and encourage what will add so much to my future Happiness.

WHEN *Split-Text* her Guardian perceiv'd she was resolv'd to have *Traffick* with or without his Consent, he began to depreciate his Character wherever he visited; declaring his Intentions were dispo-

dishonourable ; that he did not love her, but her Fortune, and as much Scurri-
lity as wou'd fill a News-paper.

THUS a Story from the Mouths of these canting Hypocrites runs, like Hedge-firing, from one to another, 'till it is pass'd the whole Line, without any Consideration being had whether there be justifiable grounds for such a Rumour; for if you relate any thing to these spiritual Hydras with Design it shou'd pass no further, you'll find yourself miserably baulk'd in your Expectations. It could not possibly spread farther, had it been publish'd from the Canting-tub.

NOTHING is more disagreeable than forced Marriages. Will a Father, or a Guardian pretend to know which Lover is like to make the agreeablest Companion for his Daughter? Neither can that be possibly called a Marriage where there is not an Union of Souls as well as Bodies. In former Times 'twas deem'd the worst of Punishments to tie a living

Body to a dead Carcass; but even that hardly comes up to this. Ought not such Marriages with much more Reason be declared *null* from the Beginning, where the Hearts of the Parties were never united? than those which are annul'd for Impotence? if a Father refuses to consult the Inclination of his Children, and will propose no Match agreeable, he does, in Effect, prohibit their marrying at all. And can that Person be blamed who refuses to cohabit with a Creature in whom he despairs of ever enjoying any Satisfaction? with one from whom he wou'd wish to be divorced, before the Ceremony is well finished? sure better venture Loss of Fortune, nay even venture a Father's Displeasure than enter upon a State that wou'd probably damn all our Joys in this World, whatever befell in the next. Better content ourselves with very humble Fortune than be perpetually pester'd with an intimate domestic Plague. People are not to run into Snares and render themselves irrecoverably miserable, to oblige the fondest Parents:

Parents: for what can be more dreadful than an ill-concerted Match? as the Law now stands, when nothing but Death can set us free. DEATH! which of all other Things is most dreaded, unless it can be such an unhappy Conjunction of disagreeable Tempers (if such may be called a Conjunction) in which the Soul has not the least Share. But to consider further the Prudence of these wise Parents and Guardians: Will they admit what the Scripture does, that the Calls of Nature cannot be resisted by every one. If they do, how then will they discover their Children to have this violent Propensity and Impulse to Marriage any other Way but from their own Relation? And wou'd they not think a Daughter pretty forward if not impudent, that shou'd acquaint her Father with her Distress. If so, What is to be done but marry 'em when they come to Years of Maturity; unless they themselves chuse a single life. For what will probably be the Consequence of not disposing of 'em when they have amorous Constitutions? Nature will

have her Course. We may as well divert a Torrent, or stop their Pulse from beating, as strive to allay their amorous Heat with a little hypocritical Advice : besides, with what Face can a Man who has been a Father, preach Celibacy to a Child at an Age when their Passions are strongest ? either old Folks forget themselves, or they have no Compassion for their Children ; and they force upon them Scenes of Wickedness and Villany, while they pretend an Abhorrence of such Practices.

Does a Father send his Son to unlawful Embraces and think he can be innocent of the Crime himself ? If Heaven has implanted these Propensities in us, which Holy Writ assures us are not to be overcome, will Governors or Parents pretend to interpose, and say you shall not satisfy them ? Why don't they take upon them to command the Winds and Waves ? It wou'd not be a whit less ridiculous. A Command to do what is
impious

impious or impossible, is in the Nature of the Thing a void Command.

SHE then acquainted *Traffick* with the whole Affair, and what a base Design he had of marrying her to Mr. PURITY (*Split-Text's* Nephew) begging he wou'd consider what Steps to take for her Delivery out of the Hands of that dark Fiend, and whatever might be thought expedient in so critical an Affair, to communicate to her, and she wou'd condescend, for their mutual Happiness. All her pleasing Imaginations were now vanish'd, and nothing but melancholy Ideas possess'd her Mind. Being thus unprepar'd, she hurl'd into Vicissitudes of Ill-Fortune, labouring under the most cruel Tortures of a smother'd Love. As all her Arguments and Tears had none Effect to soften his adamant Heart, she resolv'd to leave the ungrateful Monster and retire to some distant Part of the Kingdom there to work for her Bread, in hopes that Time might produce in his Mind contrary Notions. Thus her Anxiety was

doubled : to marry, was two Thousand Pounds Loss, without *Split-Text's* Consent ; and to wait for the Period of his Days might be a great Distance. Thus musing within herself, the following Letter was convey'd to her Hands.

My dear PATINA,

I SHALL esteem it as my greatest Happiness if you'll let me be honour'd with your dear Company at six o'Clock this Evening, by the River-side, and we shall consult such Measures as may be expedient for your Delivery from that old ill-natur'd Wretch. I cannot be indifferent in my Endeavours to obtain you, as you are the only Treasure of my Soul. Do but continue constant, and I'll sooner lose Life than fail in my Resolution of serving you. Content yourself that I shall ever remain your faithful,

TRAFFICK.

According to Appointment, both met at the River-side ; next Day she pack'd

pack'd up all her Clothes in small Parcels and convey'd 'em over the Garden-Wall, where they were received by a faithful Confidant, with Advice to *Traf-fick* to be punctual to an Hour for her Elopement, who had a Horse ready for them both. Thus they lived as happy as Man and Wife, and enjoy'd all the lawless Pleasures which True-love cou'd invite. About five Months after, she became pregnant, to their mutual Satisfaction. Great Enquiry was made, by her Friends to find out where she was, but their Search was vain, having chang'd their Name, and above two hundred Miles off; which frustrated all Suspicion. Their present Demand for Money obliged him to take a Journey home, in order to raise two hundred Pounds upon his Estate, both being resolved to marry in public, after the Death of the old ungrateful Tutor. As his Journey was but six Days riding, he expected to return in a short time. The Hopes of their happy meeting again reconcil'd her to the short Separation, and palliated her Grief.

About five Days after, she receiv'd the following, wrote by his Order.

Madam,

MR. *Traffick* has got a Fall from his Horse whereby his Skull is fractur'd, and it may be feared his Life is in great Danger ; he desires to see you, and with the utmost Expedition on your Journey. I am for him,

Your humble Servant,

GEO. PESTLE.

THE sudden Surprise put her distracted, tearing her Hair and beating her Breast. In this sad Dilemma she took Horse, riding Night and Day, 'till she arriv'd at the fatal Place. On her Entrance into the Town, she was met by a Funeral. The Servant that rode before her, enquiring out of Curiosity (in her hearing) whose Burial that was, was answer'd 'twas a young Gentleman who was kill'd by a Fall from his Horse. She was immediately struck speechless, and with much Difficulty was saved from falling

falling from her Horse. A Physician and Surgeon were sent for to attend her. Thus she continued insensible for about six Days, so that she cou'd give no Answer where she belonged, her Name, or the Occasion of the sudden Change in her Constitution.

DURING this Illness, which was more of Mind than Body, she fell into an Abortion, which was attended with such dangerous Symptoms that it had near put an End to her Life; but having Youth on her Side, and great Care taken of her, she every day gather'd Strength, and in six Weeks was perfectly recover'd in Body, when she began to reflect on the double Loss of her dear *Traffick* and Reputation; it had near brought on a Relapse, yet she still concealed her Name and place of Birth.

As his untimely Death was the Topic of Discourse in Town, his Name was very often mentioned in her hearing, which oft caused a sudden Emotion. The Physician that attended her, asked her, when she was recover'd, if she knew
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the unfortunate young Gentleman that was killed by a Fall from his Horse. She denied that she knew him, or ever heard of his Name, and begg'd he wou'd not mention such melancholy Subjects, for it always gave her a Palpitation at the Heart.

The concealing her knowledge of him was worse than a Dagger struck in her Breast, tho' done to screen a broken Reputation. She curst her yielding Nature when first she suffer'd her Heart to be trepann'd by Love, the Bane of all her Sex's Joy. The first who ever felt that Passion was ruin'd. The Exigencies of the present Situation obliged her to part with a deal of useless Trumpery, as Snuff-box, Rings, &c. to discharge such trifling Debts as had been contracted during her Illness; so leaving that melancholy Place, she in a few Days arriv'd within a short Walk of her perfidious old Tutor, where she enquir'd What News at — when, to her unspeakable Mortification, she heard her Name mentioned by the Landlady of the Inn (none of that Family knowing her) and her running away with
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Mr. *Traffick*, who was since dead by a Fall from his Horse : and as much more Scandal reported by the old Gentleman in black (for which may his other Friend in black reward him) as made her Hair stand on end. However, next Morning PATINA set out on foot, having but four Miles to travel. When she entered her Guardian's House, he welcom'd her with his sanctified Cant on the Return of the lost Sheep, demanding where she had been these ten Months past. She told him she had been at Service with an *English* Lady at ——— being near two hundred Miles distance from his House. Indeed she thought one of her Fortune merited something superior to the low Estate of a menial Servant ; tho' she was not ashamed of it, as it was an honest and virtuous Way of getting Bread, better than stain her Reputation with the Vices too common in this Age. This Assurance gave her a little Courage, as she imagin'd it set aside all Suspicion of her Conduct.

THE old Suckling in Divinity made many Excuses in Vindication of his Conduct

duct towards her Character, during her Absence; saying he was well assured she was married to *Traffick*, and that he's dead. At hearing these Words she put on a melancholy Gloom, and assumed to be very unwell, desiring leave to retire to her Chamber, for she was much tired with her Journey; and that she had not the Happiness of seeing Mr. *Traffick* since she left his House; that she was much concerned for his Death, and that her Affections had been fixt upon him, but that Time and Absence partly erased him out of her Heart, and Death had put the finishing Stroke to it.

THE old TUTOR believ'd all she said, and gave for Answer, He might have said some rash Things about them, and by Reports not grounded upon Truth, might have charged her with a Crime; but he would make it his Study to undeceive such as might have believed it to her Prejudice: that 'twas his Concern for her that led him into that Error, and hoped that Heaven wou'd pardon his Mistake. All the

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the Conversation of that Day was turn'd wholly upon her Affairs, without the least Interruption. As soon as he arose from Supper, he bid her good-night. She then retir'd to her Apartment, in hopes never to hear the Name of *Traffick* mention'd in his House, tho' the dear Name was engraven upon her Heart.

It may be hoped that none wou'd charge her with Guilt in exposing her Weakness, as she was forced thereto by the following Reasons, *viz.*

FIRST, Ill-Nature, Ingratitude and Avarice in one who may justly be called a *Spiritual Butcher*, who made it his constant Endeavour to mangle her Reputation, for his own private Ends, not knowing where she was, or how she acted in her Absence.

THE second was a sincere honest Love, riveted in her Heart, for one of the best of Men, and her piteous Sighs rejected with Disdain, when she made Application.

tion for his Consent to the Marriage, and wou'd forcibly contract her to one she did not love, in order to keep her Fortune in his Family ; this, when considered impartially, may well, I hope, make Atone-ment for her past Conduct.

Never Woman labour'd under sharper Anxieties than she for a long Time ; but happily falling into the Acquaintance of the ingenious and witty POLLYANA, she was by her enlivening Discourse persuaded to divert her Melancholy by the Gaiety of her Temper and Conversation. There appears something so moving, so pleasant in the Relation of her History, that I was agreeably entertain'd by the Innocent Way of repeating her Misfortunes. We commonly feel a generous Sympathy in Nature, and 'tis natural to grieve when any of our Fellow-creatures are affected with Distress or Pain : but to see a young beautiful Woman in Misfortune, must soften the most obdurate Heart with tender Emotions of Love and Pity. For my Part I was transported with

with Admiration, to hear with what Heroism she told her Story. The unaffected Graces of her Behaviour, the pleasing Accents of her Voice, the Sweetness and good Humour which appear'd so visible in her Countenance, blended naturally in every Word and Action throughout the whole.

As soon as I had ended relating the History of *Patina's* Misfortunes, POLLYANA's Grand-mother, in a most complaisant manner, returned me Thanks, and said that *Patina* was much to blame for not taking the Counsel of her Guardian: for, (added she) 'tis the Duty of Children to obey their Parents and Tutors in every State of Life; for young People cannot choose for themselves so well as those that have the Care of them, and know the World.

I TOLD her, tho' our Parents gave us our Being at first, yet it was monstrous in them to enjoin their Children to marry.

marry, where Love was not the sole Motive: and I look'd upon it as a terrible Misfortune for a Woman to be condemn'd to the Embraces of a Man whom she loved not. The Wretch who submits to such Decrees, or Manner of Life merely thro' Necessity, thinks it the severest Fate which can befall him. The chief Motive that induces Parents to make such unhappy Matches, like *Smithfield* Bargains, he that bids most carries the Prize. Thoughts may arrive at the Idea of their Distraction, but Words cannot delineate it as it ought to be. Numberless are the Acts of Cruelty committed by such Wretches, regardless of the Affinity of Blood and Friendship. Such Marriages have a Veil cast over them, and are hood-wink'd with the glare of Grandeur, imagining that the Marriage-state consisteth, as to Happiness, only in Riches, Titles, and the Achievements of their Ancestors, &c.

But 'tis for a Man who bears a sincere Love to a Woman, to use all imaginable
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Care of doing whatever he thinks may entitle him to the Affections of his darling Object : he endeavours to appear polite, humane and affable, nor does he only affect to be such : Virtues he assumes, of which before he was quite regardless. Love will compel him whether he will or not, to Acts of Compassion and Goodness. It kindles a Flame which only Death can extinguish. No Hypocrisy, Ill-nature or Deceit can unhinge or ruffle the soft Composure of his gentle Mind. Chastity, Love and Tenderness for each other are so wisely blended, that the two Lovers seem but one Soul united to two Bodies ; for no Man can receive a greater Gift from Heaven than an agreeable, virtuous Woman ; nor any Curse so great as a bad one.

Thus ended our Conversation. POLLYANA's Grandmother was positive and obstinate, and could not at all be brought to chime in with my Sentiments, nor the Conduct of *Parina*. So I took my leave, bidding her and POLLYANA good-night,
expect-

expecting next meeting to hear the Effect
of my Conversation.

Love, the most generous Passion of
the Mind,

The only Refuge Innocence can find :
The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd
by Truth.

The Cordial Drop, Heav'n in our Cup has
thrown,

To make the nauseous Draught of Life
go down.

In which one only Blessing God might
raise,

In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise.
For none did e'er so dull, so stupid prove
But felt a God! and blest his Power in
Love.

ROCH.

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

*Containing many remarkable Things above
and under Ground,*

No Light, but rather Darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover Sightſ of Woe ;
Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades,—&c.

MILTON.

WITHIN a few Months after my
Acquaintance with POLLYANA,
her intended Huſband arrived from
abroad; and ſoon after, the Nuptials were
conſummated. Thus did I ſee the Sum
of all my Wiſhes convey'd from one who
wou'd think it a greater Preference to have
ſuch a Wife, than the faint Glory, tho'
ſhining Pomp of a Ducal Coronet. Thus
frustrated of that Happineſs (as it often
happeneth where we place the ultimate of
our Felicity) the Day after her Mar-
riage, I made her a formal Viſit, and
putting on an Air of the utmoſt Gaiety
(tho'

(tho' deeply mingled with Concern) I acquainted her Grandmother, in her Hearing, that I had received, last Pacquet, a Letter of Importance from *England*, which obliged me to embark in a few Days for WH—T—N; that I cou'd not depart without paying her the Ceremony usual on such Occasions. Oh! what Tongue can express, or Thoughts imagine, to paint my confus'd Ideas. Thus I took my Farewel of the lovely POLLYANA, whose Image was painted on the Retina of my Eyes. Resolution made strong Efforts to stifle and obliterate the dear Remembrance; but what is engraven on the Heart and pictur'd on the Eye, cannot be erased by Time or Absence; for in the Heighth of my Struggles the Impression grew stronger; as the following Simile justly explains,

Love, like War, has noble Fires,
 Love, like War, the Brave inspires;
 Love, like War, has killing Darts;
 War takes Towns, but Love takes Hearts.

HAVING

HAVING landed at ——— I was by my worthy Captain introduced into his own House, and received by his Family with the utmost Marks of Friendship; giving me to understand that his House was at my Service 'till I cou'd provide Lodgings suitable to my Desire. I accepted his kind Offer, and was surprized at his uncommon Civility so rarely found amongst Gentlemen of his Occupation. Such Usage adds much to the Character of any Nation; to use Strangers kindly (which is not the greatest Characteristic of BRITAIN.) But to return, the next Day my worthy Captain (for that's an Appellation he is deserving of) walked with me to view the Town, and what was remarkable in the great Coal-Works, which raised my Curiosity to a great Heighth, but especially when we descended down one of the Coal-pits, near an hundred Fathoms from the Surface of the Earth. I imagin'd I had go into a World whereof the Inhabitants had been banish'd from the celestial Luminaries.

I

naries. They appear'd to me like the imaginary Ideas we entertain of the Devil, which are inculcated by the Prejudice of Education ; or, that I had been metamorphos'd into a Colony of Negroes, for no Part about them, or their subterraneous Cells, had the least Appearance of Whiteness, but their Teeth and their Eyes ; for when they speak to you, their Physiognomy appears as much distorted as any of *Hemskirk's Dutch Drolls*. Had he been here he needed not to have racked his Invention to find out new Subjects, there being sufficient Matter to copy, had he lived to the Age of *Methusalem*. The Pits being so very deep, and the Coal and other Strata of so sulphurous a Nature, the Air below is so stagnated and poison'd for Want of a free Action, and speedy Communication with the upper Regions, that a Stranger, upon his Entrance into the Bowels of the Earth, can scent no Effluvia but that of a Chemist's Elaboratory : They swallow nothing but Smoak and Sulphur, and belch, without Cessation, the

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the newest coin'd Curses and Imprecations, That G-d smash their Bones, and the Devil burn them, *cum multis: aliis*. They invoke the Devil as their principal Deity, and the other as his Vicegerent, to punish Transgressions. What we receive on Earth as the two greatest Blessings of Life, are by them the greatest Curses, *Fire* and *Water*: In these and many other Pits that are exceeding deep, they have great Plenty of both. Now what I mean by Fire is stagnated Air which lurks in and about the old Works, and has no Action or Re-action with the external Atmosphere, but lodges itself in these Workings (as they term them) and often take Fire, like Gunpowder, with the least Blaze of a small Candle of fifty to the Pound; and like an impetuous Torrent, sweep all before it, 'till it reach the upper Regions with great Explosion. I myself have seen some Men burnt like a roasted Pig.

When this Dilemma happens, it is often by Fool-hardiness, or Negligence

of the Workmen who rush into these Realms of Destruction without Foresight. To remedy which Phænomenon, many Thousands of Pounds have been expended, and various Inventions found out and put in Practice to frustrate or mitigate its Power. The most effectual I ever saw was invented and put in Practice by that ingenious Philosopher and Mechanic Mr. *Carlisle Spedding*, who, in *August 1755*, had the Misfortune to be kill'd by the foul Air taking Fire. The ascending Velocity is so great that by putting a Hand upon the Mouth of the Tube above Ground, whose Diameter is about two Inches, one may feel a strong Blast like a huge Pair of Bellows. Those hot Vapours are pent up in the Bowels, or hollow Parts of the Earth, which when once kindled, the Violence and Impetuosity are so great as to make all shake around them, 'till they have forc'd a Breach for their Passage into the Air and Day, spreading Desolation and Ruin as far as their Influence can reach. We are certified
by

by ancient and modern History, as well as by our own Reason and Practice, that some Places are filled with no other Matter but gross Airs, and sulphurous and bituminous Vapours, which when once kindled keep in very long, communicating it to other Bodies of the like Nature, and burst out into most violent Eruptions. This happens oft in deep Coal-pits; the Vapours and thicker Matter taking Fire all at once, putteth the Air into such violent Motion, that it cannot rarify and disperse, but gives a sudden Concussion to all the Pit. Many of the Virtuosi have had Bladders fill'd with this foul Air, and sent it abroad; then pricking a Hole in the Bladder, and squeezing out the Air against the Blaze of a lighted Candle, its sulphurous Effects are visibly seen. The Mouth, or Top of these Tubes are made of Iron, and a Cap of the same put over the Top, with Poles in it like an Ass's Muzzle. They may be set on Fire or put out at Pleasure, and will continue burning with a bright Blaze, as long as the

Tube will last, and may be convey'd to any Distance thro' close Pipes. The Workmen above Ground make a Perquisite of it by shewing it to Strangers.

BUT to return to the Coal-pits. I found an Alteration in my Body which oblig'd me to ascend; so gave the Workmen some Money to drink, for conveying me to the pure circumambient Air above Ground. As the Coal Trade is so great a Branch for a Nursery of Sailors, and many People of refined Understanding are Strangers to the working of Coal-mines, this Digression will in some measure atone for my cutting the Thread of my Discourse.



C H A P. XII.

An odd Scene at an AUCTION.

I WAS not above a Year here, after my landing 'till an eminent Clergyman of a neighbouring Village died. His Library being to be sold, my worthy Captain recommended me to the Executors to make a Catalogue and Valuation of the whole. We soon came to an Agreement, and I purchased the Library with Design to make an Auction; being, as I was well inform'd, the first that ever appear'd in that Way in the Town. The Books sold to considerable Advantage, many buying, out of Novelty, more than for the real Value of the Book.

I must not omit an odd Scene that occur'd one Night of the Sale. *Jack Oakum* being just arriv'd from *Virginia*, had made Overtures of Love to *Betty*

Loveall, a young Woman of the Town, before he had proceeded on his last Voyage, and doubled his Attack on his Return, tho' he found great Difficulty in obtaining her Consent: he was as stout a Sailor as steps between Stem and Stern. On putting up a Book call'd *The Pleasures of Conjugal Love revealed*, after reading the Title-Page, and making some Encomiums on the Character of the Book, *Oakum* put it up at five Shillings. I presume (said I) Sir, you're mistaken in the Price of the Book, for the Price in the Shops is but half that Sum, and therefore will not impose upon your Judgment. Damn me (cries he) but that Pleasure is worth our Ship and Cargoe too; and here's a Crown-piece for you; let's have the Book. As none oppos'd him in bidding, I deliver'd it to him, receiving the five Shillings. Now (says he) let's hear what you can say in praise of the Book, and I'll believe I've got what's worth my Money. I told him at a convenient Time, I wou'd give him my Opinion;

with

with a Word of Advice upon that Head. Being near the Close of the Night's Sale, he insisted I shou'd say somewhat for the Money he had paid above the common Price. His Discourse drew the whole Attention of the Company. A Gentleman named Mr. *Friendly*, said, Mr. *Auctioneer*, as this Night's Sale is near finished, please to humour Mr. *Oakum*, and give him your Opinion of that State which he's just going to be launch'd into with a Girl of our Town. I inform'd the Company that it was an uncommon Precedent for Orations to be made upon particular Subjects in the Situation wherein I was at that time; but, at Mr. *Oakum*'s Desire, and the Request of the Gentlemen and Ladies present, I wou'd give him the best Ideas I cou'd recollect upon that Topic; begging their Patience if I used Prolivity.

I ADDRESS'D my self to *Oakum* thus,
 The professed Enemies of the married
 State will tell you that however defin-
 able it may appear at a Distance, yet an
 I 5 Husband.

Husband and Wife are the most insipid Creatures in the Universe; but that their Opinion and mine differ'd as much and as widely as the Distance of the Poles; for 'tis the Opinion of all Men of Sense, that the Tranquility of the married State is more uniform, because their Felicity is rais'd to greater Perfection than the single Life can possibly attain to. Love and Admiration are the lively Sensations that bless the nuptial State in its lasting Duration. No Bliss can make a more refined Appearance than the worthy Examples of pure Love in the married State. An agreeable, good-natur'd Female, free from Hypocrisy and Deceit (which are not to found in ignoble Minds) deserves to be stiled a Master-piece of the Creator's Wisdom; now such Virtues are not assumed but natural, ev'n to strangers always appearing polite, humane and affable in Acts of Goodness and Compassion. A woman thus blessed with these peculiar Gifts of Heaven, I may with Boldness affirm, her Person, which appears to all agreeable,

is indeed but her least distinguishing Characteristic. The sublime Mind we are bound in Obligation to pay the greatest Regard to. Thus when a Man has arrived to that great Pitch of earthly Happiness of being joined to a fair Companion endowed with such amiable Qualifications, we cannot possibly look on her without the greatest Admiration, which encreaseth daily ; so that nothing but Death's fatal Stroke can put a Period to the firm Cement of their Affections. They suffer nothing to disturb their mutual Tranquility but Absence from each other, which is oft the Case with Men in your Situation of Life, who travel to distant Parts of the Globe, on that boisterous and dangerous Element ; but on your Return home, fresh Joys encrease at your meeting, which terminate in a round of Bliss. Then the happy Pair enjoy the greatest and most perfect Felicity which Idea can make room to entertain. No intruding Storm can rattle or unrivet their Harmony in peaceful Pleasure, proceeding from the

Enjoyment of a serene and delightful
Calm,

I hope, Mr. *Oakum*, your Good-nature will pardon me if I have said any thing which chimes not in with your private Sentiments: but since 'twas your own Request that I shou'd give you my Opinion of that blisful State which I presume you are upon the Verge of entring, on that Account an Atonement may be made for all that I have left short through Absence of Memory in this small Description.

THE whole Company thanked me in general, and *Oakum* in particular gave great Applause; who swore by G—d he had received more Instructions from my short Discourse than all the Sermons he ever heard in his Life, adding, that if the Priests wou'd preach up such Doctrine, he'd be as good a Churchman as any Bishop in *England*. So bid me a good Night, and said he had a Can of Flip on board his Ship at my Service.

ONE

ONE of the young Ladies in the Room said, Mr. *Auctioneer*, you see pure Nature in Mr. *Oakum*, pictur'd in its native Simplicity, without Disguise, or any Daubs of Art, too common with People of all Ranks.

I WAS greatly surpriz'd at the Voice, imagining I knew it, but the Room being large, and much crowded at the Novelty of selling Books by Auction, I was frustrated of ocular Demonstration. I concluded the Night's Sale with *Oakum's* Book, and descended the Rostrum, paying my Obeisance to all the Company. But how much greater was my Surprize when I approached near the Lady who spoke, and took her for POLLYANA standing in an obscure Corner of the Room, in her Weeds. My Ideas were thunderstruck; I who but a few Minutes before spoke with Assurance to a large Audience, had not a single Word to speak to the prior Robber of my Heart. Scarce cou'd I believe

believe mine own Eyes, but charged all the Artillery of my Senses with Delusion.

CURIOSITY led me to ask the Lady's Name of Mr. *Friendly*, who inform'd me 'twas Mrs. *Brizac*, a young Widow from *Ireland*, that he had invited her to-morrow Morning to Breakfast, and wou'd be glad of my Company also. I accepted this kind Offer, and waited on him in the Morning according to Promise. I broach'd the Topic of last Night's Scene with *Oakum*; in order to be inform'd better of the Certainty of POLLYANA, I repeated what she said in the Auction-room, supposing her for a Lady of good Sense. Miss *Friendly* made Answer, O! Mr. *Auctioneer*, we waited upon Mrs. *Brizac* to her Lodging last Night, and have invited her here this Morning; for she is very good Company and will entertain us with an agreeable Song, for she is a charming Singer. I gave for Answer, she seem'd to me, by her Weeds, to be a young Widow. Yes, Sir, said Miss *Friendly*,
she

she was married about a Year ago, and
 has been a Widow five or six Months,
 and is now come to live here in Retirement
 from the Noise and Hurry of *Dublin*, with
 some Relations in this Country. She demanded
 of me, Whether I had any Knowledge of
 that Lady. Yes, Madam, I formerly had the
 Pleasure of being acquainted with that Lady
 and her Grandmother; and remember very well
 I paid them the usual Ceremony of a Visit
 the first Week of her Marriage. When I heard
 her pass her Sentiments upon the Simplicity
 of *Oakum*, last Night at the Sale, I called
 to Mind the Voice, but then my Ideas were
 confused, not imagining it to be her, and
 after descending the Rostrum, cou'd not get
 a Sight of her Face, on Account of the
 Cypress Hood. A Servant entred to acquaint
 his Master that a Lady in Mourning wanted
 him. Mr. *Friendly* usher'd her into the Room.
 Arising I saluted her; O! then my Lips
 clung close to hers, I sipp'd the refreshing
 Dew, with all its balmy Sweets, growing almost
 insensible

sensible with Transports, as *Dryden* justly observes in the following Lines,

I felt a while a pleasing Kind of Smart ;
The Kifs went tingling to my very
Heart.

When it was gone, the Sense of it did	}
stay,	
The Sweetness clung upon my Lips	
all Day	
Like Drops of Honey, loath to fall	}
away.	

WHEN we were sufficiently regaled with agreeable Liquor, the Charms of Wit and good Humour, and the enlivening Sweets of Conversation, Miss *Friendly* requested Mrs. BRISAC (whom I shall call for the future by her former Name POLLYANA) to banish her Sorrow, and give us the last Play-house Song; at which Request a Blush appear'd all over her Face; her excessive Modesty wou'd fain hide her peculiar Talent for singing, but being prest to it, she sung the following,

O CARO

O CARO SPENE.

I.

Rise, charming Creature!
Fairest in Nature,
Suspend your blisful Dreams of Love;
Fly from your Slumbers,
Whilst softest Numbers
Your gentle Breasts with Transports move.

II.

Sing forth the Charmer;
With Sweets alarm her;
Let trembling Notes inflame her Soul:
In dying Measures,
Convey such Pleasures,
That nought but Joys about her roll.

III.

Smile ev'ry Power;
This happy Hour;
With soft Desires warm the Fair:
Thou little Archer,
Ah! quickly teach her
With Love for Love to sooth my Care.

As

As soon as she had done singing, I arose and gave her ten thousand Thanks, which with her usual Modesty were return'd. I told her, above all the excellent Endowments of Nature, or acqui'd Embellishments of Art, I look'd upon a fine Voice as the most shining Qualification which human Nature can be possessed of; 'tis a Blessing which the Fair-sex generally enjoy in a more extraordinary Manner than their opposite Kind; and no Wonder, since their Composition is more refin'd, their Structure made according to the exactest Symmetry, and their Organs proportionably adapted to the Shrillness of their Voices, whose enchanting Sweetness charm us into Transports unspeakable.

WHEN the Song was ended, POLLYANA took leave, and I had the Pleasure to see her home to her Aunt's House, with whom she lodged, where I was receiv'd in the politest and most affable Manner imaginable, free from those nice reserved,

reserved Rules which are practiced by the illiterate tho' beautiful Part of the Fair-sex; who don't distinguish between a Man of genteel and honourable Address, and those who make it their Business to gain their Affections under the Masque of Love; and when obtain'd triumph over their Conquest. That Man who attempts to gain a Woman of good Breeding and Sense, must make it his Study to be always cautious and discreet in his Pleasures; whereby he shall secure to himself the Character of Sobriety, guarding with a strict Reserve from the gallant Maxims of most Men, who instance their Lives with unlimited Pleasures, and break their Constitutions with Debauchery, which brings on slow, destroying Distempers; which antiquate them, cutting the Thread of their Life before they arrive at their Meridian. I was resolved to make Hay while the Sun was serene, and not slip the Opportunity by Delay, which seldom returns when once lost.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIII.

The AUCTION continued.

TWAS about half an Hour past Eight o'Clock, when I chanced to put up a Book called, *The Downfal of Antichrist*; which pleasing not all Parties, as the angry Gods unluckily decreed, we had a great deal more Noise than was necessary for my Business. For we had Rumours of Wars, Declarations, all very unseasonable and disagreeable to sensible People. POLLYANA and Miss *Friendly* were present by my Invitation; a numerous Crowd attended that Evening and listen'd to my Voice, observing the Motion of my Hammer; but they were such Personages as in a particular Manner distinguish'd their Parts and Valour, whom therefore I shall beg Leave to characterize here, before the Scene opens.

THE First was *Timothy Purity*, an Itinerant Holderforth, lately raised to the Degree of Serjeant - Major in General

W—F—D's

W—F—D's Dark-grey Regiment in *Upper-Moorfields*. As the dull *Spaniard*, by the Cut of his Whiskers and his Grandfather's Holiday Doublet, aims to set forth a profound Veneration and uncommon Wisdom; so there are many in *England* who seem to express a virtuous Abstinence by their Want of Pocket; Humility and Self-denial by a Puritanic Countenance, and a Canonical Bend of the Beaver. They are commonly provided with some external Sign, whereby they may shew their Religion and Piety as they walk in the Streets, by contemplating on the Variety of Stones in the Pavement, or by singing or rather humming some *German Tune* set to *English* incoherent Nonsense. They will be very angry if you presume to know any thing contrary to what they tell you; and if you are not willing to renounce your Reason, and disbelieve your Senses, they will very modestly pronounce against you a Collection of Scriptural Anathema's.

ONE of these modern Prophets will make a strict Shew of Sanctity, by way of Bravado on the little Inadvertencies of others: He points at the crooked Furrow his Neighbour has made, but thinks not of his own. These Fellows, notwithstanding their pretended Purity, only sound their own Praises wherever they go, like a Drum, and fain wou'd persuade us they are inspir'd from above, when they are only puff'd with the Wind of Pride and Hypocrisy. Such *Harlequins* of Holiness, by their ridiculous Ostentations, such dogmatical Perverters of plain Truth, and Advocates for idle Stories, with their childish Credulity, give more Offence and Hindrance to the true Worship, than open Profaneness itself; for those obscure the Beauty of Religion, the latter only expose the Deformity of Vice.

THE Second who enter'd the Lists was a quite different Sort of Man; who valu'd himself for fighting with Fist or Club,

Club, throwing the long Bowls, or cudgelling; Battles and Disputes were Apples and Nuts to him; always ready to help forward a Quarrel; a Straw or a Tythe-Pig were the same Thing for a Rencounter: He would chastise his Parishioners as well as preach to them, yet a good Friend to Horse-Races, Cock-Fights, and a Game at Whist; frequently cheating, as well knowing he had a Gown to cover his Knavery; and was almost as bad as a Devil, or his other Friend in Black, whom he used to rail against and defy from the Pulpit.

THE Third was Mons. M^r Tipperary, an *Irish* Priest of the true *Hibernian* Stamp, who boasted that *English* Blood never entered into his Veins, nor any of his Ancestors, by Marriage or Inter-marriage, and cou'd trace his Pedigree from the Landing of St. *Patrick*, a Man of profound Learning, with a large Pair of Brogues upon his Tongue; a great Stickler in Praise of St. *Patrick* and all the modern Saints; very apt to commit
Blun-

Blunders ; a great Worker of Miracles ; the Succourer of Widows and Damsels, and Destroyer of Monsters ; a tender-hearted, bold, charitable, Christian Hero ; cou'd turn up or twist the Muscles of his Title-page for a good Dinner, or change the Scene for a loud Laugh, so that his Mouth when open, appear'd like the Sign of the Panther, or the Parapat of a regular Fortification.

THE Fourth and last of my Night Disturbers was Dr. *Helebore*, Physician to both Soul and Body, but more expert in the latter, who address'd himself to *Tipperary*, "What is your Opinion of that Book ? for you hear there are several Bidders." Arrah ! by St. *Patrick*, and the Hand of his Holyness, it was burn'd in the Common Place at *Rome*, for speaking against the Holy Church, and denying the Miracles wrought by Her.

THE Doctor held out his long Chin about half a Yard over another's Shoulder,

der, and, in his squeaking Tone, ask'd *Tipperary* if he knew the Names of the eleven thousand Virgins that were canonized? Arra! By my Shoul! Friend, and he deserves to be fry'd to Gunpowder for denying a Thing as plain as the Nose o' my Face; for does not ev'ry Body still call her the BLESSED VIRGIN, tho' she had several Children? Is she not named The Virgin MARY in the *New Testament*? No more to be said. This is full Demonstration; for I love to give Proofs. What! I hope you know where she lived, and was borned too. She was borned in *Judea* beyond *Galilee*, a Country very well known, for it lies exactly between *Portugal* and *China*.

As when a Shipwright sets over a few dry Chips of Wood, his footy Kettle half-fill'd with Pitch, he sometimes stirs about the black Liquid with a Stick, till by the Force of the ascending Flame it rises upwards on a sudden with a crackling Sound; so Parson WICKET (who

K

always

always delighted in Mischief-making) stirred up his hot Brother, *Tipperary*, by Hints of the Chapple of *Loretto*, that travell'd over Seas from the Holy Land to *Italy*, till his Passion fermenting, he foam'd out these Expressions :

“ You Miracle-monger there, you have the Impudence too, I suppose, to maintain the idle Story of the House in which she once lived, that travell'd into the Territories of *New-Babylon*; where the Litter, and Straw, and coarse Cloaths, are become Jewels of Gold and Silver, precious Stones and glittering Raiment; the Oxen that fed on Hay are turn'd into Priests, that feed on savoury Meats and live luxuriously. They are pamper'd in their Stalls like Stone-horses, neigh after the Females in forbidden Pastures, make a profitable Raree-show of this same Virgin MARY, and pick a comfortable Livelihood out of her Petticoat; the very Soal of her Slippers are Gold to them. Is it not surprising that any Mortal can be so stupid as to believe, that a
poor

poor House, and in its old Age, shou'd take it in its Head to ramble from Place to Place, like a *Bethlemite*, and step over the wide Seas without putting a single Stone out of Joint, or drowning a Bit of Furniture?"

Not so fast, quoth *Tipperary*, take me along with you in your Travellings, and I'll undertake to shew you, as plain as the Sun and Moon at Noon-day, that this Story has been believ'd, and ought to be so, by all good People that will be saved. In the first Place then, and foremost; if the House was peel'd and poor formerly, it is no Reason that it shou'd always be so. Secondly, What have you to do with *St. Mary's Petticoat*? Cannot the Pope do with that whatever he thinks proper? Thirdly and lastly; Sure you wou'd not have Priests live like Beasts, or trail their Robes in the Dirt: They cannot eat Hay, for they have but two Legs. Then as to the House getting over the Sea, safely, it wou'd be able to carry it also out

again, and place it at *LORETTO*, where it actually was placéd, as its own Writings sufficiently testify. And now I think I have given you full Proofs again.

UP starts *Will. Handspoke*, and reply'd to *Tipperary*, If it had but Faith, it might sail as trimly as our Pinnacle the Roe-buck with Top and Top-gallants set, and a fair Gale. For I have heard of a Man that made a Voyage from *Kinsale* to *Antigua* once upon a Mil-stone. Ay, ay! (says Mr. *Purity* to *Tipperary*) you have an old House over your Ears; for certainly the Gentleman has made good his Assertion, and there's no controverting or contradicting the House's own Hand-writing. Blasphemous Dog! rejoins *Tipperary*: Dost thou imagine there have been no Saints in *Wales* or *Ireland*? There was the Great *St. Winfred*, can any Body deny that? For Conviction's sake, you need only take half a Dozen Days Journey and see her Waters your own shelf, so many Years after her Death, and was she a Martyr too? Arra!

by

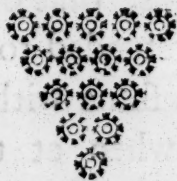
by my Shoul was she, and he must be a Devil that won't believe it. Marry, I wonder at it, says *Jack Tarr*! for I remember very well my Mother's Cow gave over making Water presently after she was kill'd. Ho, ho! cries *Tipperary*, what Sort of a Fool have we got here, that cannot distinguish a Miracle from a Cow? Yes, she makes Water still, Sirs: Now there's the Miracle; and this is what cannot be done by a Cow, nor Parson WICKET's Ox —— a Bull —— a Bull —— exclaims the Parson, I thought we shou'd catch him by the Back presently. Welcome from the Bogs of *Tipperary*, dear Shoy! These Advocates for superstitious Miracles think they have ev'ry thing so plain and prompt as it were, and yet, Gentlemen, you see when they come to the Length of their Tether, they are like to hang themselves in their own Rope. Pox on the Ignorance of Mankind, (says *Tipperary*) and so withdrew.

I BEG'D the Gentlemen wou'd desist from disputing in the Auction-Room, in that it obstructed my Sale very much ; adding, that Disputes in Religious Matters shou'd be more seriously handled, not to provoke each other to immoderate, unforgiving Passions ; for the True Religion, when rightly understood, has Charms to attract the Dispositions of even unruly and barbarous Men, and melt the icy Rocks to fruitful Streams of Goodness : That in her pure and native Simplicity she displays an easy and modest Gracefulness, pleasing to the Eye, and grateful to the Sense ; but Polity, Custom, Avariciousness, Pretence and Affectation, have made her shocking to judicious Contemplation, and wholly despis'd by weak Minds, by reason of either a too strait-lac'd, awkward Appearance, or too loose a familiar Carriage with deceitful, needless and glaring Daubings : That by her true Light, as by the Meridian Sun in a clear Sky, we behold Things plainly as they

they are, and rejoice in her Glory, which has dissipated the Mists and gloomy Vapours of Doubtfulness and Error, and restor'd to our Sight the beautiful wondrous Works of the Great and All-wise Creator: Whereas, Craft and Malice intervening, her Rays are refracted, all Things put out of Order and their due Place, and are either magnified, diminished, or misrepresented in new and monstrous Figures.

“ I NEVER yet found Pride in a noble
 “ Soul, nor Humility in an unworthy
 “ Mind,” is the Saying of a witty Author, which I have often, by Experience, observed to be well grounded. I have likewise known a great Number of those unworthy Minds, that out of mere Sullenness have pretended to Humility, and endeavour'd to shine with the Colours of that Virtue; when at the same Time they were most deeply tinctur'd with the Dregs of its opposite Vice.

ACCORDINGLY *Tully* has directed us to be cautious in distinguishing the Pictures of moral Good and Evil; to examine more than superficially and remissly, whether the Representations of Virtues be genuine, or only the Impositions of a false and bungling Copy? “ For, *says* “ *he*, a Sourness of Temper, with a little “ Affectation, passes for Prudence and “ Gravity; a savage Dislike of the lawful Pleasures of Life for Temperance: “ Profusion mimicks Liberality; and “ Audaciousness, true Valour; and Superstition, true Religion.”



C H A P. XIV.

The Conclusion.

JUST as the Clock struck Ten, I concluded the Night's Sale, and got rid of my troublesome, bigotted Attendants; so conducted the fair POLLYANA to her Apartments, where I stayed at Supper. Amids the Gaiety of our Discourse we were interrupted by Mrs. *Tattle*, who was Aunt to POLLYANA; she came as an accidental Visiter: After a few formal Ceremonies, she demanded of the Company, if they had heard the News in the Town about *Oakum's* parting from his Wife, with whom he had been but four Days married? We all answer'd in the Negative. Then, *says she*, he's left her, resolved never to see her or *England* any more: His dear *Betty*, that he cry'd up as the Pattern of Chastity, is with Child by *Will. Handspake*, belonging to the *Cumberland*, and he has enter'd himself on board a Man of War station'd to the *West-Indies*. But how does *Jack* behave in his present Situation? (*says Pollyana*)

He's raving mad, *replies Mrs. Tattle*; and fell into the most extravagant Exclamations which Tongue cou'd utter; Jealousy, and all her numerous Train of Evils, began to rage, which is one of the cruellest and most unforgiving Passions of the Soul, and no Reason can withdraw its Hatred. The Malice they conceive against each other upon this Occasion, is sufficient to have sway'd both of 'em to their utter Ruin, had the Power of inflicting been in either of their Wills. Sighs, Tears, and bitter Reproaches, here are used in vain, to relieve the Troubles of the Soul, or soften their hardened Hearts. Resentment breaks the struggling Passage with Railings into a Tempest of Rage: Their House is become a Scene of perpetual Jars and Misery; the racking Pains of Jealousy seize on the whole Frame, and torture every Nerve.

I took her to task, *continu'd Mrs. Tattle*, why she deceiv'd her Husband, when she knew she was with Child by another Man? She answer'd with Eyes swoln with Tears,

Tears, That her Afflictions were very great at present ; but much greater when she found her first Love had forsaken her, in a Condition which wou'd not suffer the Crime she had been guilty of, long to remain a Secret ; the Product of her Shame encreas'd, and the Sense of the Misfortune grew with it ; each Start, *contin'd she*, the unguilty Child made was a Reprimand to its Mother, of what she had done, and what she had to suffer. But tho' she had made many Attempts to relate the sad Truth of her unhappy Situation to a near Kinswoman, yet she cou'd never bring herself to do it, and chose rather to consume the stifled Embers that burn'd her very Soul, than disclose the Secret. She is now look'd upon as a Creature abandon'd from the World, being as much lost to outward Happiness, as she was to Virtue. And thus I left her.

Thus the World, in most of its Parts,
acts the Jilt ; and a false Woman, I look

K. 6. upon.

upon as one of the principal Actors in that great Toy-shop of Variety. She was born to please and remove the Pangs of Love's Fevers. She governs Despair by her Eyes; and, with well-dissembled Looks, gives the first Instructions from the School of Nature.

Now, Mr. BARBAROSSA, you've heard all that past between these two unfortunate Lovers, the Morning of their Separation. Were you her Judge, what Punishment wou'd you inflict upon her, as her Crime is so enormous? I made for Answer, That I thought her Crime was sufficient Punishment with Minds susceptible of thinking: For the Torment of a troubled Mind is beyond Idea to conceive, and far severer than any corporal Punishment, which hath its Pain and Smart only for a short Duration; but the Pain and Anguish of a troubled Conscience, who can bear?

POLLYANA

POLLYANA was just going to tell the Story of an unfortunate Gentleman who, being cross'd in an Amour, made use of a Pistol to put a Period to his Troubles : but was interrputed by the Maid-Servant who deliver'd her a Letter which came from abroad, as I afterwards was informed. When she was reading it, I perceived an agreeable Variety alternately appear in her Face. During her examining the Contents, we kept profound Silence, the rest of the Company well judging from whom it came. I view'd in her Eyes a chrystal Drop gushing forth from its bright Prison. I cou'd no longer keep Silence, but told her that I hoped the Paper Messenger was not an Harbinger of ill News : she answer'd with a Smile and Blush on her Checks, 'Twas from a Gentleman abroad on his Travels, but it inform'd her that he was on his Return home. I presume, Madam, (said I) he is near allied to you, by the Concern I observed in your Countenance on your perusing the Contents.

She

She answer'd, he was no Relation, but an intimate Acquaintance of her Aunt's. You have a good Foresight, replied Mrs. *Tattle*, for I'm daily persuading her to fix her Affections on him against her Time of Mourning is expired, for he is a Gentleman I have always had a great regard for, and I think will make her a very good Husband. Upon hearing Part of my Sentence pronounc'd against me with such Emphasis, I was struck with so great a Confusion that I knew not what or how I answer'd, imagining this might be the Call for her Retirement from *Dublin*. But Reason soon re-assum'd her Seat; so that I behaved in such wise as that none of the Company but Mrs. *Tattle* observed a faltering in my Speech. After she had perus'd the Letter, she appeared with her usual Gaiety. Meantime Supper was brought on Table, but as if my Appetite had been corrupted, I cou'd not eat one Morfel, the unwelcome Letter gave my Stomach a Distaste against both Meat and Drink. Mrs. *Tattle* entreated me to eat; for,

(says

(says she) you seem to have lost your Stomach, and officiously offer'd to help me to a nicer Morfel than what was upon my Plate ; I begg'd she'd excuse me, for that I seldom eat any Suppers ; which Custom had made natural to me : adding, I cou'd satisfy my Appetite at any time with gazing and admiring the Beauties in POLLYANA'S Face, which ev'ry time appear'd new, by discovering fresh Charms. You talk like a Lover indeed, replied Mrs. *Tattle* ; but, I'll assure you, Mr. *Barbarossa*, if that were the principal Diet you lived upon, you wou'd not appear with so jolly a Countenance ; feeding by the Eyes will not feast the Stomach ; so take my Advice, exercise your Knife and Fork ; and when that's done, feast your Eyes for a fresh Appetite.

For some Moments I paus'd, being lost in a troubl'd Contemplation. De-lusion or Hypocrisy can never dwell on the Countenance where there's a sincere Love. Confus'd Ideas crowded upon
me

me as if Fate had destin'd me to various Changes of ill Fortune, and brought the united Powers of Heaven and Earth to effect my Ruin, and conspire to frustrate my Pretensions to the lovely POLLYANA, tho' push'd on by so sudden an Impulse.

ALL who had the Pleasure of being her Intimates, observed a Sweetness in her Conversation which daily gain'd upon them ; so that she had the good Fortune to make none of her constant Companions her Enemies. The free unreserved Pleasantness of her Conversation charm'd all who were Witnesses. Tho' many of the Tea-table Assembly were equal to her in external Accomplishments, yet few or none arriv'd at that Pitch of Ease and witty Freedom wherewith she was bless'd. On the contrary some have an haughty Sourness diffused in their Deportment ; others by an indefatigable and malicious Industry endeavour to find out the little Foibles of their Companions, and then propagate the Scandal to all their Intimates.

mates. This shews the Frailty of human Nature which the Fair-sex shou'd take great Care to avoid. Whatever Company POLLYANA was engaged with, a secret Pleasure was seen to diffuse itself visibly in ev'ry Countenance, being equally admir'd by both Sexes. Whether she had more the Art of Insinuation and Persuasion than others of the *Belle* Assembly, I shall not presume to determine; but 'tis certain her good Fortune or Merit render'd every Word she spoke more agreeable than most of her Competitors for Beauty and Wit, which gave a penetrable Indication of a sincere, honest Heart.

NOTHING affords Matter of more Surprise than when we find Persons who are not addicted to Defamation, and lying themselves, encourage it in Others, and seem pleas'd at hearing what they are well convinced in their Minds, carries nothing of Sincerity with it. I wou'd have all such seriously to reflect, that while they are-listening to an Untruth spoken of their Neighbour, the Mouth that speaks
it

it is perhaps big with another of themselves ready to be vented in the next Company they go to. I must indeed confess I have not the Charity to believe any one can be a real Lover of Truth, who can even seem to take any Diversion in hearing it abused, or evil spoke of.

THE great Prince of *Conde* said to a Person who thought he complimented, him by depreciating the Merit of some Cotemporaries.

“SIR, if you have any Request to
 “make me, come directly to the Point;
 “for fear the ill Precedent you set before my Eyes, shou’d influence me to
 “to be guilty of the same.”

THESE few Words suffice to shew how little he was pleas’d to hear any thing to the Disadvantage of others; and it is a Behaviour well worthy of our Imitation. Tho’ nothing is more common than for wicked Men to do good Actions, not out of Piety, or Christian Charity, but
 because

Because they correspond with the Fashion of the Age or Neighbourhood they live in, and add a Lustre to their Titles or Estates among the unthinking Vulgar. Which verily is a sandy Foundation to build true Virtue and Happiness on.

A Good-name in Man or Woman,
Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'tis
something; nothing;
'Twas mine; 'tis his; and has been Slave
to Thousands.
But he that filches from me my Good-
name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.——

SHAKESPEAR.

BUT to return to my Story, Mrs. *Tattle's* Discourse had such an Effect upon me, notwithstanding all my Endeavours to prevent it, that I was obliged to leave the Company, which I did (with all the Calmness and Serenity of Mind:

Mind I could possibly affect) and retired to my own Habitation. The next Morning I wrote the following Epistle and immediately dispatch'd a Messenger with it to POLLYANA.

Dearest POLLYANA,

I KNOW but of one Thing which can make me happy; that is, that I am beloved by you equal to that Passion which inspires me with so ardent a Flame. Thus I flatter myself with the pleasing Idea that the Time is very near when both Flames shall cement together. I wait with a Lover's Impatience to see you this Evening at your Aunt's, there to concert such Measures as no Obstacle can frustrate my Interest in the lovely POLLYANA, from the most sincere of human Beings,

BARBAROSSA.

POLLYANA no sooner had read the Billet but by the same Bearer return'd a Card

Card with her Compliments that she wou'd attend at the Time appointed.

———— Generous POLLYANA!—

THE Search after fleeting Pleasures, and neglecting those of more substantial Duration, too oft is the Care and Study of our whole Lives ; the former whereof, when obtained, frequently ceases to delight ; but this disagreeable Circumstance was not the Case of POLLYANA. She had agreed and came to a Resolution unalterable. The perfect Knowledge we had of each other made us desirous of putting it out of the Power and Reach of human Invention to break our Engagements: for Love, like the changeable Passions of Life, is greatly fortified by Example. Thus having brought Matters to a Crisis, nothing remained but Time and Place. Mr. *Cassock* was engaged in my Interest, and promis'd to be ready next Sunday, before the canonical Hour shou'd proclaim Time to the Parish. The Similitude

militude of our Tempers, the Equality
of Age, and ev'ry other Circumstance
which cou'd promise a Round of Felicity,
offer'd themselves in our Favour.



C H A P.

CHAP. XV.

*The Contrast: Or, A Parallel between
Courtship and Matrimony.*

AT a Tea-table where I was the other Day, the Conversation turned upon Love and Marriage; Subjects which seldom fail to introduce Chearfulness and Good-humour: Our Company were five Ladies and two Men; much Raillery passed upon the Conduct of both Sexes; the Men complained of the Ladies Fickleness in Love; they accus'd the Men of Insincerity, and both Parties with much Wit and Pleasantry threw the blame of all Mistakes in Marriage mutually on each other—Except POLLYANA, all were warm in the Dispute, but she continued silent till the Gentleman who sat next to her, ask'd how she cou'd be so indifferent as to the Points now on the Carpet, and of such high Importance. “I am not, said she, indifferent as to the
“ Points

“ Points in Question, to engage on either side, because I think that both are in the wrong.”

POLLYANA is a Lady of Discretion much beyond her Age, in her an uncommon Genius has been improv'd by a polite Education; she has digested Books, and studied human Actions; and her twenty Years have been employed to more purpose than others spend whole Lives; she is beautiful without Vanity, wise without assuming; she talks but little, and never before she thinks; her Thoughts are just, and her Words most expressive; she never was seen angry, or known to laugh immoderately; but her even Temper is still the same, compos'd, obliging and agreeable; her whole Behaviour is conducted by the Rules of Prudence, and her Soul breathes the most refined, generous Sentiments of Love, of Honour, and of Friendship; ever ready to serve and do good to all: she alone has the Happiness to be the Darling of both Sexes; no Man ever knew

knew her without praising her, and none of her own Sex were ever heard to find Fault with her.

THIS Lady's short Answer put an End to the Debate, and made the whole Company earnest to hear her Opinion; she modestly excused herself, but finding they wou'd take no Denial, she with a Smile, complied with their Request.

“ WE complain, said she, that Men
 “ deceive us, but I am afraid that we
 “ ourselves are the Cause of their De-
 “ ceit. Do we not expect Flattery at the
 “ Time they commence Lovers? and are
 “ we pleas'd unless they address us in a
 “ Language very different from Truth
 “ and Reason? What are all the Speeches
 “ and Letters upon this Subject, but a
 “ mere Rhapsody of Words, contrived to
 “ feed our Vanity, which they find will
 “ not be satisfied, unless they compli-
 “ ment us with a Power of Life and
 “ Death, lift us up to the Skies and pay
 “ us Adoration. They are to blame
 L “ indeed

“ indeed for complying with our ridi-
 “ culous Expectations, but we ourselves
 “ I think ought not to blame them ;
 “ we charge them with Insincerity, but
 “ are we more sincere ? Do we not act as
 “ much disguis’d as they ? and can their
 “ Disappointment in us be less than
 “ ours in them, when they find us frail
 “ Women, instead of Angels ? Divi-
 “ nities, Characters we foolishly as-
 “ sumed ? What is Courtship but a mu-
 “ tual Imposition upon each other ? so
 “ far from speaking our real Thoughts,
 “ and shewing our Tempers as they re-
 “ ally are, there’s scarce a Truth on ei-
 “ ther Side, ’tis all a visionary Scene.
 “ When Mariage comes, the Lover’s
 “ implicit low Submission and the
 “ Lady’s arbitrary and haughty Sway
 “ vanish and disappear for ever. We
 “ accuse the Men of broken Vows, but
 “ ought we to let them swear what is
 “ in no Man’s Power, viz. Eternal
 “ Love and Constancy ; who can be
 “ sure that he shall always love ? Is
 “ Love an Act of Choice ; or does it
 “ not

“ not depend on various Accidents
 “ which no one can command, particu-
 “ larly our Conduct? and that our Be-
 “ haviour towards them shall always be
 “ agreeable, is very bold for them to
 “ swear, and as whimsical for us to suf-
 “ fer; ’tis no less than swearing that
 “ our Actions and their Opinions of them
 “ shall always be the same; and methinks
 “ it is high Presumption to answer for
 “ our Actions, whatever they may think
 “ fit to do for their Opinions. I set
 “ this in the fairest Light, and suppose
 “ it is the Agreeableness of our Con-
 “ duct, and Temper of our Mind that
 “ charm them; but if, as it often hap-
 “ pens, our Youth and Beauty are the
 “ only Objects of their Regard, in such
 “ a Case, to swear eternal Love, is to
 “ swear we shall be always young and
 “ handsome; for as every Effect must
 “ cease of course, when once its Cause is
 “ gone; Love founded upon Youth
 “ and Beauty cannot possibly endure
 “ longer than Youth and Beauty last.—
 “ Was I to draw a Scheme of Love

“ and Courtship, it should be directly
“ contrary to the Practice now in Use;
“ it should be founded upon the steady
“ Principles of Truth and Reason;
“ Love shou’d be all generous, sincere
“ and tender, as Heaven first inspir’d
“ it; and Courtship void of servile Flat-
“ tery and mean Dissimulation, all Vows
“ and Imprecations shou’d be looked
“ upon as suspicious of Deceit, the
“ common, un-meaning Cant shou’d be
“ despised as it deserves, and honest
“ Language judg’d most proper to ex-
“ press the Mind’s Integrity; no Man
“ shou’d dare to feign a Passion, nor
“ any Woman fear to own one: for
“ then, as is the present Case, they
“ wou’d not reject and slight us for ac-
“ knowledging a Regard which them-
“ selves, by every Art, have taken pains
“ to raise; a Behaviour so monstrous
“ that I cannot say if there is more of
“ Vileness than of Madness in it; but
“ Love, as it is now managed, is an
“ Heap of vile Absurdities, and Court-
“ ship a mere Romance; ’tis running
“ thro’

“ thro’ a Course of Adventures fan-
 “ tastical and extravagant, raising the
 “ Imagination beyond Nature, and lay-
 “ ing the sure Foundation of Disappoint-
 “ ment and Repentance on both sides
 “ when *Hymen* shifts the Scene.”

POLLYANA left speaking, and she had
 done some time before the Company had
 recollected themselves from a profound
 Silence, for all were charm’d with the
 Discourse; there is something so grace-
 ful in her Manner, so sweetly expressive
 in her Look, and so harmonious in her
 Voice, that ’tis impossible to hear her
 without the utmost Pleasure; her tune-
 ful Accents hung upon the Ear; all the
 Company requested her to continue the
 Thread of her Discourse; but finding
 she said no more, they all join’d to thank
 her for her just Description of Love, and
 begg’d her to proceed and give them her
 Thoughts on Marriage also; “ I am
 “ unfit, said she, to judge of a State I
 “ have not known one Year; my Ob-
 “ servations upon others have been only

“superficial, and on this Subject I much
 “rather wou’d be silent.” But the
 Company expressing their Desire of hear-
 ing her Thoughts, she thus began, with
 a Sweetness inexpressible.

“IN what I said before, I took no
 “Notice of pretended Lovers; Crea-
 “tures whom mercenary Views and
 “base, fordid Souls betray to be the
 “vilest Sort of Hypocrites. I fixed
 “my Thoughts on those alone who feel
 “the Passion, tho’ led astray by Custom;
 “but now I am forc’d mention these De-
 “ceivers because such Wretches make
 “a large Appearance in the married
 “World, however, after naming them, I
 “leave them to their Fate, to be as far
 “from Happiness as they are from
 “Truth and Honour; this they de-
 “serve, and this is generally their Lot,
 “with such I have nothing more to do,
 “but shall consider those whom Love
 “himself has join’d.

“Mar-

“ Marriage is, without Doubt, a State
 “ capable of the sincerest human Hap-
 “ piness, as it is best fitted for the most
 “ exalted Friendship; in all other Cir-
 “ cumstances Interest interfering, pre-
 “ vent the Possibility of so firm a Union
 “ as here is; the Interest of both sides
 “ must be the same; one wou’d wonder
 “ then that so few in it can boast of true
 “ Felicity, but this is owing very much
 “ to the fallacious Forms of Courtship,
 “ and the strange Alterations that fol-
 “ low so soon as the Lover commences
 “ Husband, and the Mistress is made a
 “ Wife. Immediately the Subject be-
 “ comes the Sovereign, and the Uneasi-
 “ ness must always happen from such a
 “ great and sudden Change of Govern-
 “ ment. The Mask on both sides
 “ is usually put off too soon, by ex-
 “ pecting Happiness out of Nature.
 “ Chimerical and impossible! they find
 “ themselves mistaken in each other,
 “ and chagrin’d at the Disappointment,
 “ neglect that which is in their Power;
 “ their

“ their Care to please abates, and Love
“ grows cold and sickens, languishes,
“ and perhaps at last dies, and then
“ adieu to Happiness. But every Couple
“ shou’d remember, that from the Hour
“ their Hands are joined, their Wretch-
“ edness or Felicity is intirely depen-
“ dant on each other ; and Love, which
“ before was only Passion, becomes
“ from that time the highest Act of
“ Reason. There cannot be a more
“ fatal Error than the common one of
“ believing that now all pains to please
“ are needless : on the contrary, to be
“ obliged by, and to oblige each other,
“ shou’d be their mutual constant Inclination ; their Behaviour shou’d always
“ be conformable to good Nature and
“ good Manners ; Forms shou’d be
“ laid aside between them, but Decency
“ still preserved, for without that,
“ even Love itself must soon disgust.
“ They mutually must bear with and
“ excuse each others Foibles, and with
“ the utmost Caution guard against the
“ Beginnings of Discontent on either
“ Side ;

“ Side ; but if any Difference shou’d
 “ arise, let their generous Constrution
 “ be, not who’s most to blame, who’s
 “ right or wrong ; but who shall soonest
 “ put an End to it.

“ And particularly I recommend to
 “ my own Sex, that Smiles and sweet
 “ Complaisance are the most convin-
 “ cing Arguments to win the Heart ;
 “ and that in their Condition, to yield
 “ is the only Way to conquer. As the
 “ Husband’s Province is to manage the
 “ grand Affairs of Life, the Wife’s Care
 “ shou’d be constantly employed in the
 “ Conduct and Regulation of her Fa-
 “ mily. It is her Duty, her Interest,
 “ and ought to be her Care and Study
 “ to prevent Disorder there ; to make
 “ his home always pleasing to him ; to
 “ be ever ready to receive him there
 “ with open Arms and chearful Looks,
 “ and diligently avoid every thing that
 “ may disoblige, or wear the Face of
 “ Unkindness and Neglect ; but more
 “ than,

“ than all, the Business of her Life shou’d
“ be to keep her Husband’s Love; for
“ a Wife can have no other Power but
“ what that gives her; and if once that
“ is lost, her Case is bad indeed.

“ IN order therefore to preserve it,
“ she ought to make herself as amiable
“ in his Eyes as possible; the Pains she
“ took to charm him before Marriage,
“ shou’d be redoubled now; her Dress,
“ her Looks, her Words, her every
“ Action shou’d be suited to his Taste;
“ he shou’d never see her but in good
“ Humour, nor hear from her but with
“ the most endearing Expressions of
“ Affection and Regard; she shou’d from
“ the first, resolve upon no Occasion ever
“ to quarrel with him, or impertinently
“ oppose his Temper; her Expences
“ shou’d be regulated, not by his For-
“ tune only, but his Way of thinking
“ also shou’d be considered; she ought
“ to pay no Visits, nor receive any
“ Company but what he approves;
“ for

“ for his Esteem to her is of more Im-
 “ portance than that of all the World
 “ besides ; her whole Happiness depends
 “ entirely on it.

“ Thus have I endeavour’d to point
 “ out what I think more particularly the
 “ Duty of my own Sex, because I am
 “ afraid the Folly and ill Conduct on
 “ our Side, is mostly the Cause of ma-
 “ king that Condition miserable, which
 “ a little Prudence wou’d make happy ;
 “ besides, I had considered this Side,
 “ and studied Books and Men, and
 “ was best prepar’d to speak to it.”

Who can behold such Beauty and be
 silent ?

Desire first taught us Words : Man
 when created,

At first, alone, long wander’d up and
 down,

Forlorn and silent as his vassal Beasts ;
 But when a heav’n-born Maid like you
 appear’d,

Strange

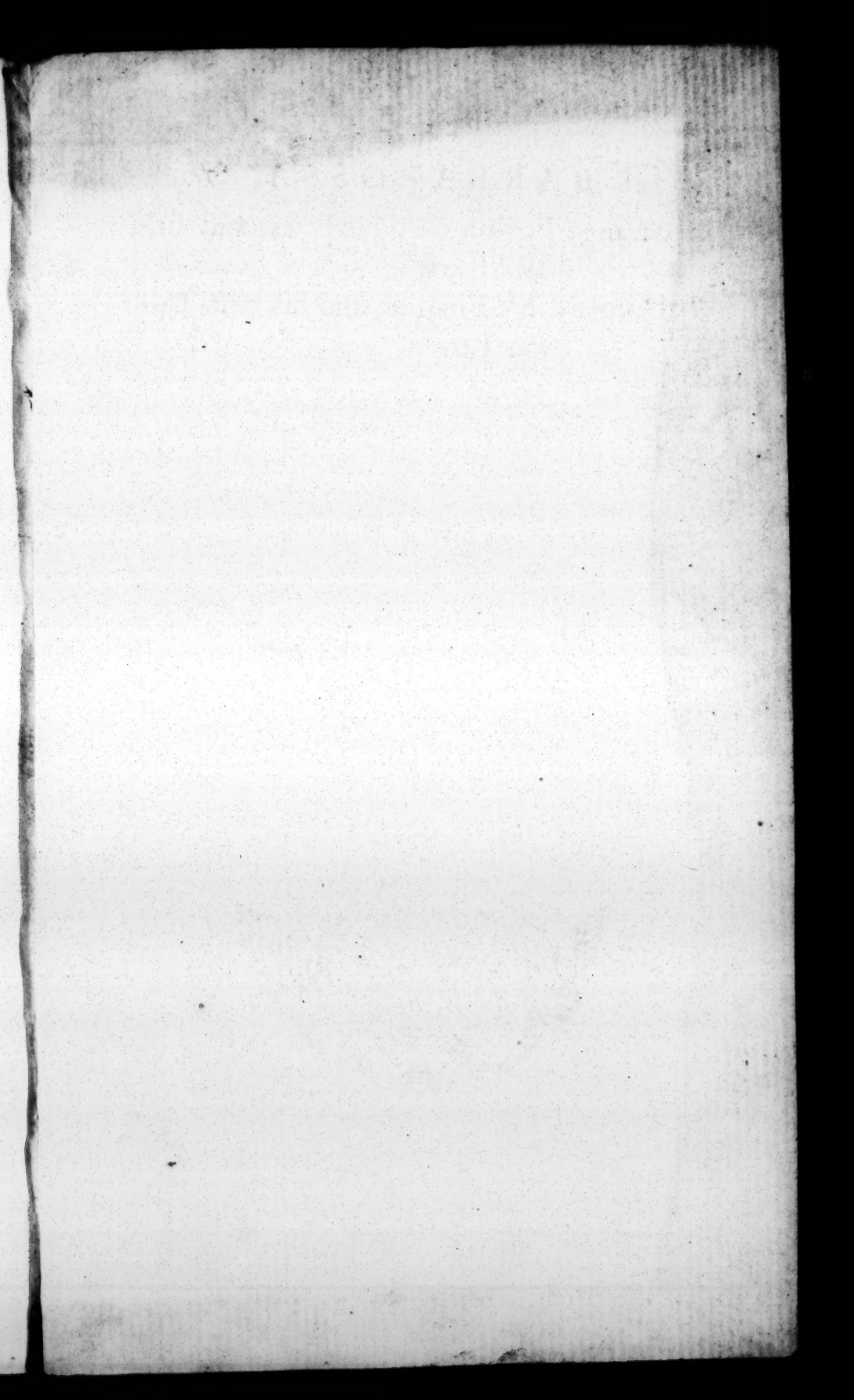
228 BARBAROSSA, &c.

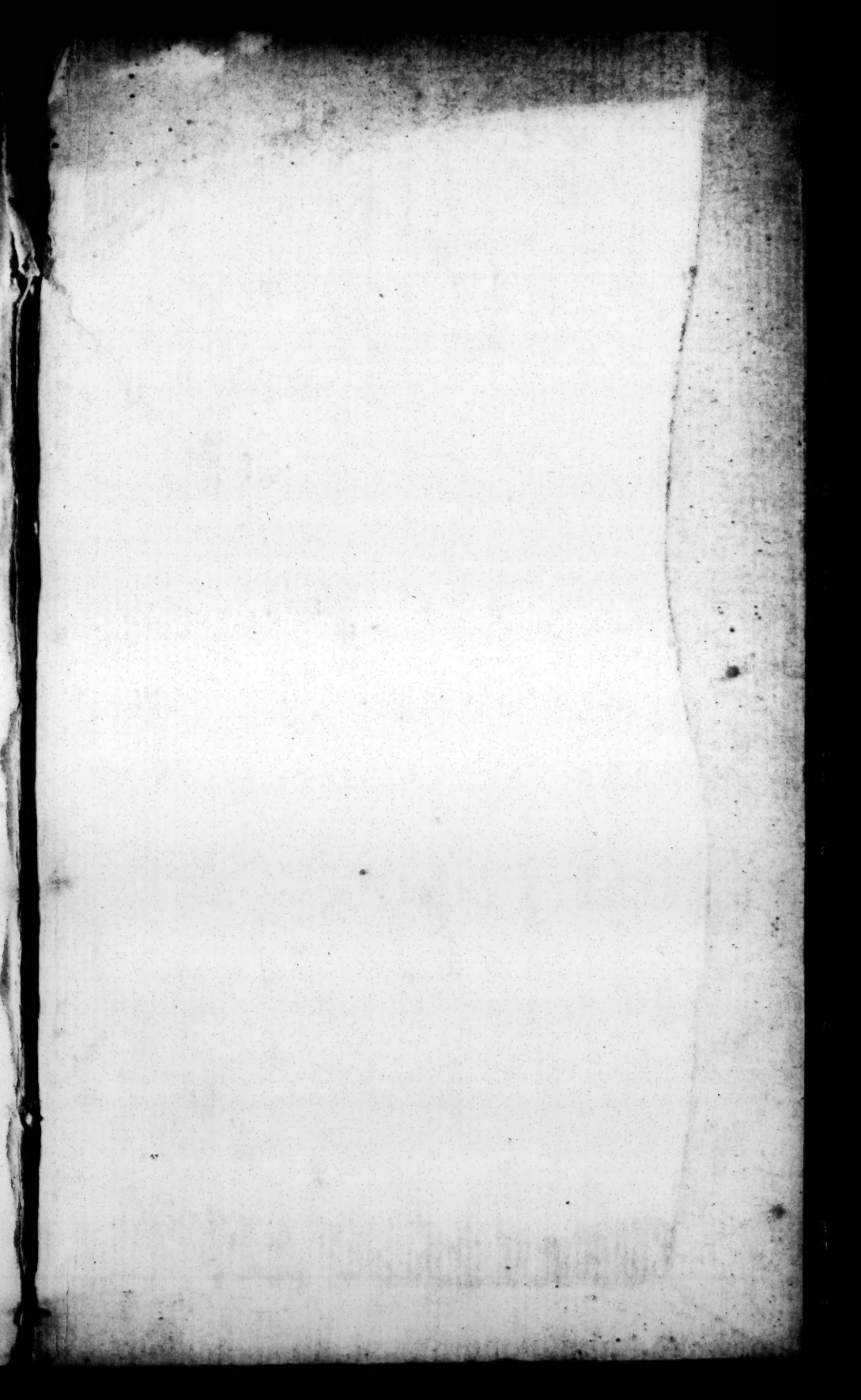
Strange Passion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd
his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk
was Love.

OTWAY.

F I N I S.







— C. 136. ll. 24